

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## SEEKING REST.

OVE that fare amid these breathless places,  
Spend thy souls 'twixt factory and mart,  
Ye whose quick eyes and pale and eager faces  
Reveal the restless heart,

What are ye seeking in your fever'd labor,  
That knows no pause thro' all the crowded  
week,  
Each for himself, and no man for his neighbor,  
What is it that ye seek?

"Oh, some seek bread — no more — life's mere  
subsistence,  
And some seek wealth and ease — the com-  
mon quest;  
And some seek fame, that hovers in the dis-  
tance;  
But all are seeking rest.

"Our temples throb, our brains are turning,  
turning,  
Would God that what we strain at were  
possess'd;  
God knows our souls are parch'd and black  
with yearning;  
God knows we faint for rest."

He went his way, a haggard shape and dreary,  
His hard face set towards the kindled west;  
And, lo ! a voice, "Come unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."

Good Words. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

O my dove ! what doth befall her ?  
Surely it is she I hear ;  
Fain I'd fly and fain recall her.

Plainest thou thy mate, poor brawler ?  
I, alas ! bewail my dear.  
O my dove ! what doth befall her ?

If thy heart's wound grows not smaller,  
So my faith is still sincere ;  
Fain I'd fly and fain recall her.

Louder still thy murmurings, all her  
Charms lament. I weep her here.  
O my dove ! what doth befall her ?

Since I see not mine entraller,  
Nothing now can fair appear ;  
Fain I'd fly and fain recall her.

Death ! no more my heart's appaller,  
Take thy slave, I have no fear.  
O my dove ! what doth befall her ?  
Fain I'd fly and fain recall her.

PASSERAT.

## SWEET APRIL, PRIDE OF THE WAYS.

And the days,  
Sweet April, hope that art bringing  
To fruits on boughs, that beneath  
The bright sheath  
Of bud and of bloom are swinging.

Sweet April, thine is the hand  
On the land,  
That gathers from nature's bosom  
The harvest of many a scent,  
Dewy sprent,  
And balms earth and air with blossom.

The courteous winds of thy prime  
To our clime  
Make welcome every new-comer,  
The swallows that fly from afar,  
And that are  
The messengers of the summer.

The nightingale with her song,  
All night long,  
Makes music in lonesome meadows,  
With many a trill of her love  
From above,  
As she sings amid the shadows.

May boasts of fragrance to suit  
Her ripe fruit,  
And prospering dewfall's sweetness  
And manna she hath without fail,  
And the pale  
Brown honey to be her witness ;

But I forego not my praise  
Of these days,  
That take their name of her glory,  
Who rose, in beauty that grew  
Ever new,  
From foam of the sea-waves hoary.

REMY BELLEAU.

THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND  
GEORGE ELIOT.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight  
Pass, followed one with love and each with  
wonder !  
The stormy sophist with his mouth of thun-  
der,  
Clothed with loud words and mantled with the  
might  
Of darkness and magnificence of night ;  
And one whose eye could smite the night in  
sunder,  
Searching if light or no light were there-  
under,

And found in love of loving-kindness light.  
Duty divine and thought with eyes of fire  
Still following righteousness with deep desire  
Shone sole and stern before her and above,  
Sure stars and sole to steer by ; but more sweet  
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,  
The light of little children, and their love.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Athenaeum.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
**CARLYLE'S LECTURES ON THE PERIODS  
 OF EUROPEAN CULTURE.**  
 FROM HOMER TO COETHE.

"**DETESTABLE** mixture of prophecy and playactorism"—so in his "Reminiscences" Carlyle describes his work as a lecturer. Yet we are assured by a keen, if friendly, critic, Harriet Martineau, that "the merits of his discourses were so great that he might probably have gone on year after year till this time with improving success and perhaps ease, but the struggle was too severe," *i.e.* the struggle with nervous excitement and ill-health. In a friendly notice of the first lecture ever delivered (May 1, 1837\*) by Carlyle before a London audience, the *Times* observes: "The lecturer, who seems new to the mere technicalities of public speaking, exhibited proofs before he had done of many of its higher and nobler attributes, gathering self-possession as he proceeded."

In the following year a course of twelve lectures was delivered "On the History of Literature, or the successive Periods of European Culture," from Homer to Goethe. As far as I can ascertain, except from short sketches of the two lectures of each week in the *Examiner* from May 6, 1838, onwards, it is now impossible to obtain an account of this series of discourses. The writer in the *Examiner* (perhaps Leigh Hunt) in noticing the first two lectures (on Greek literature) writes: "He again extemporizes, he does not read. We doubted on hearing the Monday's lecture whether he would ever attain in this way to the fluency as well as depth for which he ranks among celebrated talkers in private; but Friday's discourse relieved us. He 'strode away' like Ulysses himself, and had only to regret, in common with his audience, the limits to which the one hour confined him." George Ticknor was present at the ninth lecture of this course, and he noted in his diary (June 1, 1838): "He is a rather small,

spare, ugly Scotchman, with a strong accent, which I should think he takes no pains to mitigate. . . . To-day he spoke—as I think he commonly does—with-out notes, and therefore as nearly extempore as a man can who prepares himself carefully, as was plain he had done. He was impressive, I think, though such lecturing could not well be very popular; and in some parts, if he were not poetical, he was picturesque." Ticknor estimates the audience at about one hundred.

A manuscript of over two hundred and fifty pages is in my hands, which I take to be a transcript from a report of these lectures by some skilful writer of short-hand. It gives very fully, and I think faithfully, eleven lectures; one, the ninth, is wanting. In the following pages, I may say, nothing, or very little, is my own. I have transcribed several of the most striking passages of the lectures, and given a view of the whole, preserving continuity by abstracts of those portions which I do not transcribe. In these abstracts I have as far as possible used the words of the manuscript. In a few instances I have found it convenient to bring together paragraphs on the same subject from different lectures. Some passages which say what Carlyle has said elsewhere I give for the sake of the manner, more direct than that of the printed page; sometimes becoming even colloquial. The reader will do well to imagine these passages delivered with that northern accent which Carlyle's refined Bostonian hearer thought "he took no pains to mitigate."

At the outset Carlyle disclaims any intention to construct a scientific theory of the history of culture; some plan is necessary in order to approach the subject and become familiar with it, but any proposed theory must be viewed as one of mere convenience.

There is only one theory which has been most triumphant—that of the planets. On no other subject has any theory succeeded so far yet. Even that is not perfect; the astronomer knows one or two planets, we may say, but he does not know what they are, where they are going, or whether the solar system is not itself drawn into a larger system of the

\* The 1st of May was illustrious. On the evening of that day Browning's "Strafford" was produced by Macready at Covent Garden Theatre. Dr. Chalmers was at this time also lecturing in London, and extensive reports of his lectures are given in the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*.

kind. In short, with every theory the man who knows something about it, knows mainly this—that there is much uncertainty in it, great darkness about it, extending down to an infinite deep; in a word, that he does not know what it is. Let him take a stone, for example, the pebble that is under his feet; he knows that it is a stone broken out of rocks old as the creation, but what that pebble is he knows not; he knows nothing at all about that. This system of making a theory about everything is what we may call an enchanted state of mind. That man should be misled, that he should be deprived of knowing the truth that the world is a reality and not a huge confused hypothesis, that he should be deprived of this by the very faculties given him to understand it, I can call by no other name than Enchantment.

Yet when we look into the scheme of these lectures we perceive a presiding thought, which certainly had more than a provisional value for Carlyle. The history of culture is viewed as a succession of faiths, interrupted by periods of scepticism. The faith of Greece and Rome is succeeded by the Christian faith, with an interval of pagan scepticism, of which Seneca may be taken as a representative. The Christian faith, earnestly held to men's hearts during a great epoch, is transforming itself into a new thing, not yet capable of definition, proper to our nineteenth century; of this new thing the Goethe of "Wilhelm Meister" and the "West-östlicher Divan" is the herald. But its advent was preceded by that melancholy interval of Christian scepticism, the eighteenth century, which is represented by Voltaire and the sentimental Goethe of "Werther," which reached its terrible consummation in the French Revolution; and against which stood out in forlorn heroism Samuel Johnson. Carlyle's general view is a broad one, which disregards all but fundamental differences in human beliefs. The paganism of Greece is not severed from that of Rome; Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, is essentially of one and the same epoch.

There is a sentence which I find in Goethe full of meaning in this regard. It must be noted, he says, that belief and unbelief are two opposite principles in human nature. The theme of all human history, so far as we are able to perceive it, is the contest between these

two principles. All periods, he goes on to say, in which belief predominates, in which it is the main element, the inspiring principle of action, are distinguished by great, soul-stirring, fertile events, and worthy of perpetual remembrance: and, on the other hand, when unbelief gets the upper hand, that age is unfertile, unproductive, and intrinsically mean; in which there is no pabulum for the spirit of man, and no one can get nourishment for himself. This passage is one of the most pregnant utterances ever delivered, and we shall do well to keep it in mind in these disquisitions.

In attempting "to follow the stream of mind from the period at which the first great spirits of our Western world wrote and flourished down to these times," we start from Greece. When we ask who were the first inhabitants of Greece, we can derive no clear account from any source. "We have no good history of Greece. This is not at all remarkable. Greek transactions never had anything alive [for us?]; no result for us; they were dead entirely. The only points which serve to guide us are a few ruined towns, a few masses of stone, and some broken statuary." Three epochs, however, in Greek history can be traced: the first, that of the siege of Troy—the first confederate act of the Hellenes in their capacity of a European people; the second, that of the Persian invasion; the third, the flower-time of Greece, the period of Alexander the Great, when Greece "exploded itself on Asia."

Europe was henceforth to develop herself on an independent footing, and it has been so ordered that Greece was to begin that. As to their peculiar physiognomy among nations, they were in one respect an extremely interesting people, but in another unamiable and weak entirely. It has been somewhere remarked by persons learned in the speculation on what is called the doctrine of races, that the Pelasgi were of Celtic descent. However this may be, it is certain that there is a remarkable similarity in character of the French to these Greeks. Their first feature was what we may call the central feature of all others, *exhausting (?)\* vehemence*, not exactly *strength*, for there was no permanent coherence in it as in strength, but a sort of fiery impetuosity; a vehemence never anywhere so remarkable as among the

\* MS. "existing."

Greeks, except among the French, and there are instances of this, both in its good and bad point of view. As to the bad, there is the instance mentioned by Thucydides of the sedition in Corcyra, which really does read like a chapter out of the French Revolution, in which the actors seem to be quite regardless of any moment but that which was at hand.

The story of the massacre is briefly told, which recalls to Carlyle, as it did to Niebuhr, the events of September, 1792.

But connected with all this savageness there was an extraordinary delicacy of taste and genius in them. They had a prompt dexterity in seizing the true relations of objects, a beautiful and quick sense in perceiving the places in which the things lay, all round the world, which they had to work with, and this, without being entirely admirable, was in their own internal province highly useful. So the French, with their undeniable barrenness of genius, have yet in a remarkable manner the facility of expressing themselves with precision and elegance, to so singular a degree that no ideas or inventions can possibly become popularized till they are presented to the world by means of the French language. . . . But in poetry, philosophy, and all things the Greek *genius* displays itself with as curious a felicity as the French does in frivolous exercises. Singing or music was the central principle of the Greeks, not a subordinate one. And they were right. What is not musical is rough and hard and cannot be harmonized. Harmony is the essence of Art and Science. The mind moulds to itself the clay, and makes it what it will.

This spirit of harmony is seen even in the earliest Pelasgic architecture, and more admirably in Greek poetry, Greek temples, Greek statuary. A beautiful example may be found in the story of how Phidias achieved his masterpiece at Elis.

When he projected his Jupiter of Elis, his ideas were so confused and bewildered as to give him great unrest, and he wandered about perplexed that the shape he wished would not disclose itself. But one night, after struggling in pain with his thoughts as usual, and meditating on his design, in a dream he saw a group of Grecian maidens approach, with pails of water on their heads, who began a song in praise of Jupiter. At that moment the Sun of Poetry stared upon him, and set free the image which he sought for, and it crystallized, as it were, out of his mind into marble, and became as symmetry itself. This Spirit of Harmony operated directly in him, informing all parts

of his mind, thence transferring itself into statuary, seen with the eye, and filling the heart of all people.

Having discussed the origin of polytheism, Carlyle speaks of divination.

It is really, in my opinion, a blasphemy against human nature to attribute the whole of the system [of polytheism] to quackery and falsehood. Divination, for instance, was the great nucleus round which polytheism formed itself—the constituted core of the whole matter. All people, private men as well as States, used to consult the oracle of Dodona or Delphi (which eventually became the most celebrated of all) on all the concerns of life. Modern travellers have discovered in those places pipes and other secret contrivances from which they have concluded that these oracles were constituted on a principle of falsehood and delusion. Cicero, too, said that he was certain two Augurs could not meet without laughing; and he was likely to know, for he had once been an Augur himself. But I confess that on reading Herodotus there appears to me to have been very little quackery about it. I can quite readily fancy that there was a great deal of reason in the oracle. The seat of that at Dodona was a deep, dark chasm, into which the diviner entered when he sought the Deity. If he was a man of devout frame of mind, he must surely have then been in the best state of feeling for foreseeing the future, and giving advice to others. No matter how this was carried on—by divination or otherwise—so long as the individual suffered himself to be wrapt in union with a higher being. I like to believe better of Greece than that she was completely at the mercy of fraud and falsehood in these matters.

So it was that Pheidippides, the runner, met Pan in the mountain gorge.\* "When I consider the frame of mind he must have been in, I have no doubt that he really heard in his own mind that voice of the God of Nature upon the wild mountain-side, and that this was not done by quackery or falsehood at all." But above and around and behind the whole system of polytheism there was a truth discovered by the Greeks—

that truth which is in every man's heart, and to which no thinking man can refuse his assent. They recognized a Destiny! a great, dumb, black power, ruling during time, which

\* Carlyle tells the story of Pheidippides evidently from memory, and not quite accurately.

knew nobody for its master, and in its decrees was as inflexible as adamant, and every one knew that it was there. It was sometimes called "Moiræ," or allotment, part, and sometimes "the Unchangeable." Their gods were not always mentioned with reverence. There is a strange document on the point, the Prometheus of Æschylus. Æschylus wrote three plays of Prometheus, but only one has survived. Prometheus had introduced fire into the world, and was punished for that: his design was to make our race a little less wretched than it was. Personally he seems to be a taciturn sort of man, but what he does speak seems like a thunderbolt against Jupiter. . . . Jupiter can hurl him to Tartarus; his time is coming too; he must come down; it is all written in the book of "Destiny." This curious document really indicates the primeval qualities of man.

Stories from Herodotus, "who was a clear-headed, candid man," of the Scythian nation who shot arrows in the stormy air against their god, and of another people who made war upon the south wind, similarly illustrate that the ancient reverence for their deities was not the reverence for that which is highest or most powerful in the universe.

From the religion we pass (Lecture II.) to the literature of the Greeks. "The 'Iliad' or 'Song of Ilion' consists of a series of what I call ballad delineations of the various occurrences which took place then, rather than a narrative of the event itself. For it begins in the middle of it, and, I might say, ends in the middle of it." The only argument in favor of Homer being the real author is derived from the common opinion and from the unity of the poem.

There appears to me to be a great improbability that any one would compose an epic except in writing. . . . I began myself some time ago to read the Iliad, which I had not looked at since I left school, and I must confess that from reading alone I became completely convinced that it was not the work of one man. . . . As to its unity — its value does not consist in an excellent sustaining of characters. There is not at all the sort of style in which Shakespeare draws his characters; there is simply the cunning man, the great-headed, coarse, stupid man, the proud man; but there is nothing so remarkable but that any one else could have drawn the same characters for the purpose of piecing them into the Iliad. We all know the old Italian comedy, their harlequin, doctor, and Columbine. There are almost similar things in the characters in the Iliad.

In fact the "Iliad" has such unity — not more and not less — as the modern collection of our old Robin Hood ballads.

Contrasting the melodious Greek mind with

the not very melodious English mind, the cithara with the fiddle (between which, by the way, there is a strong resemblance), and having in remembrance that those of the one class were sung in alehouses, while the other were sung in kings' palaces, it really appears that Robin Hood's ballads have received the very same arrangement as that which in other times produced "the Tale of Troy divine."

The poetry of Homer possesses the highest qualities because it delineates what is ancient and simple, the impressions of a primeval mind. Further,

Homer does not seem to believe his story to be a fiction; he has no doubt it is a truth. . . . I do not mean to say that Homer could have sworn to the truth of his poems before a jury — far from it — but that he repeated what had survived in tradition and records, and expected his readers to believe them as he did.

With respect to the "machinery," gods and goddesses, Homer was not decorating his poem with pretty fictions. Any remarkable man then might be regarded as supernatural; the experience of the Greeks was narrow, and men's hearts were open to the marvellous.

Thus Pindar mentions that Neptune appeared on one occasion at the Nemean\* games. Here it is conceivable that if some aged individual of venerable mien and few words had in fact come thither his appearance would have attracted attention; people would have come to gaze upon him, and conjecture have been busy. It would be natural that a succeeding generation should actually report that a god appeared upon the earth.

In addition to these excellences,

the poem of the Iliad was actually intended to be sung; it sings itself, not only the cadence, but the whole thought of the poem sings itself as it were; there is a serious recitative in the whole matter. . . . With these two qualities, Music and Belief, he places his mind in a most beautiful brotherhood, in a sincere contact with his own characters; there are no reticences; he allows himself to expand with some touching loveliness, and occasionally it may be with an awkwardness that carries its own apology, upon all the matters that come in view of the subject of his work.

In the "Odyssey" there is more of character, more of unity, and it represents a higher state of civilization. Pallas, who had been a warrior, now becomes the goddess of wisdom. Ulysses, in the "Iliad" "an adroit, shifting, cunning man," becomes now "of a tragic significance." He is now "the much-enduring, a most endearing of epithets." It is im-

\* Isthmian? See Pindar, Olymp. viii. 64.

possible that the "Odyssey" could have been written by many different people.

As to detailed beauties of Homer's poetry, we have a touching instance in Agamemnon's calling not only on gods but rivers and stars to witness his oath; "he does not say what they *are*, but he feels that he himself is a mysterious existence, standing by the side of them, mysterious existences." Sometimes the simplicity of Homer's similes make us smile; "but there is great kindness and veneration in the smile." There is a beautiful formula which he uses to describe death: —

"He thumped down falling, and his arms jingled about him." Now trivial as this expression may at first appear, it does convey a deep insight and feeling of that phenomenon. The fall, as it were, of a sack of clay and the jingle of armor, the last sound he was ever to make throughout time, who a minute or two before was alive and vigorous, and now falls a heavy dead mass. . . . But we must quit Homer. There is one thing, however, which I ought to mention about Ulysses, that he is the very model of the type Greek, a perfect image of the Greek genius; a shifty, nimble, active man, involved in difficulties, but every now and then bobbing up out of darkness and confusion, victorious and intact.

Passing by the early Greek philosophers, whose most valuable contribution to knowledge was in the province of geometry, Carlyle comes to Herodotus.

His work is, properly speaking, an encyclopædia of the various nations, and it displays in a striking manner the innate spirit of harmony that was in the Greeks. It begins with Croesus, king of Lydia; upon some hint or other it suddenly goes off into a digression on the Persians, and then, apropos of something else, we have a disquisition on the Egyptians, and so on. At first we feel somewhat impatient of being thus carried away at the sweet will of the author; but we soon find it to be the result of an instinctive spirit of harmony, and we see all these various branches of the tale come pouring down at last in the invasion of Greece by the Persians. It is that spirit of order which has constituted him the prose poet of his country. . . . It is mainly through him that we become acquainted with Themistocles, that model of the type Greek in prose, as Ulysses was in song. . . .

Contemporary with Themistocles, and a little prior to Herodotus, Greek tragedy began. Aeschylus I define to have been a *truly gigantic man* — one of the largest characters ever known, and all whose movements are clumsy and huge like those of a son of Anak. In short, his character is just that of Prometheus himself as he has described him. I know no more pleasant thing than to study Aeschylus; you fancy you hear the old dumb rocks speak-

ing to you of all things they had been thinking of since the world began, in their wild, savage utterances.

Sophocles translated the drama into a choral peal of melody. "The 'Antigone' is the finest thing of the kind ever sketched by man." Euripides writes for effect's sake, "but how touching is the effect produced!"

Socrates, as viewed by Carlyle, is "the emblem of the decline of the Greeks," when literature was becoming speculative.

I willingly admit that he was a man of deep feeling and morality; but I can well understand the idea which Aristophanes had of him, that he was a man going to destroy all Greece with his innovation. . . . He shows a lingering kind of awe and attachment for the old religion of his country, and often we cannot make out whether he believed in it or not. He must have had but a painful intellectual life, a painful kind of life altogether one would think. . . . He devoted himself to the teaching of morality and virtue, and he spent his life in that kind of mission. I cannot say that there was any evil in this; but it does seem to me to have been of a character entirely unprofitable. I have a great desire to admire Socrates, but I confess that his writings seem to be made up of a number of very wire-drawn notions about virtue; there is no conclusion in him; there is no word of life in Socrates. He was, however, personally a coherent and firm man.

We pass now (Lecture III.) to the Romans.

We may say of this nation that as the Greeks may be compared to the *children* of antiquity from their *naïveté* and gracefulness, while their whole history is an aurora, the dawn of a higher culture and civilization, so the Romans were the *men* of antiquity, and their history a glorious, warm, laborious day, less beautiful and graceful no doubt than the Greeks, but more essentially useful. . . . The Greek life was shattered to pieces against the harder, stronger life of the Romans. . . . It was just as a beautiful crystal jar becomes dashed to pieces upon the hard rocks, so inexpressible was the force of the strong Roman energy.\*

The Romans show the characters of two distinct species of people — the Pelasgi and the Etruscans. The old Etruscans, besides possessing a certain genius for art, were an agricultural people —

endowed with a sort of sullen energy, and with a spirit of intensely industrious thrift, a kind of vigorous thrift. Thus with respect to the

\* Here Carlyle speaks of Niebuhr, whose book "is altogether a laborious thing, but he affords after all very little light on the early period of Roman history."

ploughing of the earth, they declare it to be a kind of blasphemy against nature to leave a clod unbroken. . . . Now this feeling was the fundamental characteristic of the Roman people before they were distinguished as conquerors. Thrift is a quality held in no esteem, and is generally regarded as mean ; it is certainly mean enough, and objectionable from its interfering with all manner of intercourse between man and man. But I can say that thrift well understood includes in itself the best virtues that a man can have in the world ; it teaches him self-denial, to postpone the present to the future, to calculate his means, and regulate his actions accordingly ; thus understood, it includes all that man can do in his vocation. Even in its worst state it indicates a great people.\*

Joined with this thrift there was in the Romans a great seriousness and devoutness ; and they made the pagan notion of fate much more productive of consequences than the Greeks did, by their conviction that Rome was fated to rule the world. And it was good for the world to be ruled sternly and strenuously by Rome : it is the true liberty to obey.

That stubborn grinding down of the globe which their ancestors practised, ploughing the ground fifteen times to make it produce a better crop than if it were ploughed fourteen times, the same was afterwards carried out by the Romans in all the concerns of their ordinary life, and by it they raised themselves above all other people. Method was their principle just as harmony was of the Greeks. The method of the Romans was a sort of harmony, but not that beautiful, graceful thing which was the Greek harmony. Theirs was a harmony of plans, an architectural harmony, which was displayed in the arranging of practical antecedents and consequences.

The "crowning phenomenon" of their history was the struggle with Carthage. The Carthaginians were like the Jews a stiff-necked people ; a people proverbial for injustice.

I most sincerely rejoice that they did not subdue the Romans, but that the Romans got the better of them. We have indications which show that they were a mean people compared to the Romans, who thought of nothing but commerce, would do anything for money, and were exceedingly cruel in their measures of aggrandizement and in all their measures. . . . How the Romans got on after that we can see by the Commentaries which Julius Cæsar has left us of his own proceedings ; how he spent ten years of campaigns in Gaul, cautiously planning all his measures before he attempted to carry them into effect. It is, indeed, a most interesting book, and evinces

the indomitable force of Roman energy ; the triumph of civil, methodic man over wild and barbarous man.

Before Cæsar the government of Rome seems to have been a

very tumultuous kind of polity, a continual struggle between the Patricians and the Plebeians. . . . Therefore I cannot join in the lamentations made by some over the downfall of the republic, when Cæsar took hold of it. It had been but a constant struggling scramble for prey, and it was well to end it, and to see the wisest, cleanest, and most judicious man of them place himself at the top of it. . . . And what an empire was it ! Teaching mankind that they should be tilling the ground, as they ought to be, instead of fighting one another. For that is the real thing which every man is called on to do—to till the ground, and not to slay his poor brother-man.

Coming now to their language and literature — the peculiarly distinguishing character of the language is "its imperative sound and structure, finely adapted to command." Their greatest work was written on the face of the planet in which we live ; and all their great works were done spontaneously through a deep instinct.

The point is not to be able to write a book ; the point is to have the *true mind* for it. Everything in that case which a nation does will be equally significant of its mind. If any great man among the Romans, Julius Cæsar or Cato for example, had never done anything but till the ground, they would have acquired equal excellence in that way. They would have ploughed as they conquered. Everything a great man does carries the traces of a great man.

#### Virgil's "Æneid"

ranks as an epic poem, and one, too, of the same sort in name as the "Iliad" of Homer. But I think it entirely a different poem, and very inferior to Homer. There is that fatal consciousness, that knowledge that he is writing an epic. The plot, the style, all is vitiated by that one fault. The characters, too, are none of them to be compared to the healthy, whole-hearted, robust men of Homer, the much-enduring Ulysses, or Achilles, or Agamemnon. Æneas, the hero of the poem, is a lachrymose sort of man altogether. He is introduced in the middle of a storm, but instead of handling the tackle and doing what he can for the ship, he sits still, groaning over his misfortunes. "Was ever mortal," he asks, "so unfortunate as I am ? Chased from port to port by the persecuting deities, who give me no respite," and so on ; and then he tells them how he is "the pious Æneas." In short, he is just that sort of lachrymose man ; there is hardly anything of a man in the inside of him.

\* See, to the same effect, "a certain editor" in "Frederick the Great," b. iv, chap. 4.

"When he let himself alone," Virgil was a great poet, admirable in his description of natural scenery, and in his women; an amiable man of mild deportment, called by the people of Naples "the maid." "The effect of his poetry is like that of some laborious mosaic of many years in putting together. There is also the Roman method, the Roman amplitude and regularity." His friend Horace is "sometimes not at all edifying in his sentiments;" too Epicurean; "he displays a worldly kind of sagacity, but it is a great sagacity." After these, Roman literature quickly degenerated.

If we want an example of a diseased self-consciousness and exaggerated imagination, a mind blown up with all sorts of strange conceits, the spasmodic state of intellect, in short, of a man morally unable to speak the truth on any subject—we have it in Seneca. . . . I willingly admit that he had a strong desire to be sincere, and that he endeavored to convince himself that he was right, but even this when in connection with the rest constitutes of itself a fault of a dangerous kind.

But—such is the power of genius to make itself heard at all times—the most significant and the greatest of Roman writers appeared later than Seneca.

In the middle of all that quackery and puffery coming into play turn about in every department, when critics wrote books to teach you how to hold your arm and your leg, in the middle of all this absurd and wicked period Tacitus was born, and was enabled to be a Roman after all. He stood like a Colossus at the edge of a dark night, and he sees events of all kinds hurrying past him, and plunging he knew not where, but evidently to no good, for falsehood and cowardice never yet ended anywhere but in destruction.

Yet he writes with grave calmness, he does not seem startled, he is convinced that it will end well somehow or other, "for he has no belief but the old Roman belief, full of their old feelings of goodness and honesty." Carlyle closes his view of pagan literature with that passage in which Tacitus speaks of the origin of the sect called Christians.

It was given to Tacitus to see deeper into the matter than appears from the above account of it. But he and the great empire were soon to pass away forever; and it was this despised sect—this *Christus quidam*—it was in this new character that all the future world lay hid.

The transition period (Lecture IV.), styled "the millennium of darkness," was really a great and fertile period, during which belief was conquering unbelief;

conquering it not by force of argument but through the heart, and "by the conviction of men who spoke into convincible minds." Belief—that is the great fact of the time. The last belief left by paganism is seen in the Stoic philosophers—belief in oneself, belief in the high, royal nature of man. But in their opinions a great truth is extremely exaggerated:—

That bold assertion for example, in the face of all reason and fact, that pain and pleasure are the same thing, that man is indifferent to both. . . . If we look into the Christian religion, that dignification of man's life and nature, we shall find indeed this also in it,—to believe in oneself. . . . But then how unspeakably more human is *this* belief, not held in proud scorn and contempt of other men, in cynical disdain or indignation at their paltriness, but received by exterminating pride altogether from the mind, and held in degradation and deep human sufferings.

Christianity reveals the divinity of human sorrow.

In another point of view we may regard it as the revelation of Eternity: Every man may with truth say that he waited for a whole eternity to be born, and that he has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do now that he is born. It is this which gives to this little period of life, so contemptible when weighed against eternity, a significance it never had without it. It is thus an infinite arena, where infinite issues are played out. Not an action of man but will have its truth realized and will go on forever. . . . This truth, whatever may be the opinions we hold on Christian doctrine, or whether we hold upon them a sacred silence or not, we must recognize in Christianity and its belief independent of all theories.

If to the character of the new faith we add the character of the northern people, we have the two leading phenomena of the Middle Ages. With much shrewdness, the still rude societies of Europe find their way to order and quiet. Then, there was that thing which we call *loyalty*. In these times of our own

loyalty is much kept out of sight, and little appreciated, and many minds regard it as a sort of obsolete chimera, looking more to independence and some such thing, now regarded as a great virtue. And this is very just, and most suitable to this time of movement and progress. It must be granted at once that to exact loyalty to things so bad as to be not worth being loyal to is quite an unsupportable thing, and one that the world would spurn at once. This must be conceded; yet the better thinkers will see that loyalty is a principle perennial in human nature, the highest that unfolds itself there in a temporal, secular point of view. In the Middle Ages it was the noblest

phenomenon, the finest phasis in society anywhere. Loyalty was the foundation of the State.

Another cardinal point was the Church. "Like all other matters, there were contradictions and inconsistencies without end, but it should be regarded in its ideal." Hildebrand represents the mediæval Church at its highest power. "He has been regarded by some classes of Protestants as the wickedest of men, but I do hope we have at this time outgrown all that. He perceived that the Church was the highest thing in the world, and he resolved that it should be at the top of the whole world, animating human things, and giving them their main guidance." Having described the humiliation of the emperor Henry the Fourth at the Castle of Canossa, Carlyle proceeds:—

One would think from all this that Hildebrand was a proud man, but he was not a proud man at all, and seems from many circumstances to have been on the contrary a man of very great humility; but here he treated himself as the representative of Christ, and far beyond all earthly authorities. In these circumstances doubtless there are many questionable things, but then there are many cheering things. For we see the son of a poor Tuscan peasant, solely by the superior spiritual love that was in him, humble a great emperor, at the head of the iron force of Europe, and, to look at it in a tolerant point of view, it is really very grand; it is the spirit of Europe set above the body of Europe; the mind triumphant over the brute force. . . . Some have feared that the tendency of such things is to found a theocracy, and have imagined that if this had gone on till our days a most abject superstition would have become established; but this is entirely a vain theory. The clay that is about man is always sufficiently ready to assert its rights; the danger is always the other way, that the spiritual part of man will become overlaid with his bodily part. This then was the Church, which with the loyalty of the time were the two hinges of society, and that society was in consequence distinguished from all societies which have preceded it, presenting an infinitely greater diversity of views, a better humanity, a largeness of capacity. This society has since undergone many changes, but I hope that *that* spirit may go on for countless ages, the spirit which at that period was set going.

The grand apex of that life was the Crusades.

One sees Peter [the Hermit] riding along, dressed in his brown cloak, with the rope of the penitent tied round him, carrying all hearts, and burning them up with zeal, and stirring up steel-clad Europe till it shook itself at the words of Peter. What a contrast to the

greatest of orators, Demosthenes, spending nights and years in the construction of those balanced sentences which are still read with admiration, descending into the smallest details, speaking with pebbles in his mouth and the waves of the sea beside him, and all his way of life in this manner occupied during many years, and then to end in simply nothing at all; for he did nothing for his country, with all his eloquence. And then see this poor monk start here without any art; for as Demosthenes was once asked what was the secret of a fine orator, and he replied Action, Action, Action, so, if I were asked it, I should say, Belief, Belief, Belief. . . . Some have admired the Crusades because they served to bring all Europe into communication with itself, others because it produced the elevation of the middle classes; but I say that the great result which characterizes and gives them all their merits, is that in them Europe for one moment proved its belief, proved that it believed in the invisible world, which surrounds the outward and visible world, that this belief had for once entered into the consciousness of man.

It was not an age for literature. The noble made his signature by dipping the glove-mailed hand into the ink and imprinting it on the charter. But heroic lives were lived, if heroic poems were not written; an ideal did exist; the heroic heart was not then desolate and alone; the great result of the time was "a perpetual struggling forward." And a literature did come at last; beautiful, childlike utterances of troubadour and *trouvère*; lasting, however, but a little while, in consequence of the rise of a kind of feeling adverse to the spirit of harmony. Petrarch, the troubadour of Italy, and the Nibelungenlied represent the period. The spirit of the age did not speak much, but it was not lost. "It is not so ordered." When we hear rude, natural voices singing in the distance, all is true and bright, because all false notes destroy one another, and are absorbed in the air before they reach us, and only the true notes come to us. So in the Middle Ages we only get the heroic essence of the whole.

Of the new-formed nations the Italian "first possesses a claim on our solicitude." (Lecture V.)\* Though Italy was not a great political power, she produced a greater number of great men distinguished in art, thinking, and conduct than any other country—and to produce great men is the highest thing any land can do. The spokesman of

\* I make few excerpts from this lecture, for a good part of its substance appears in the lecture "The Hero as Poe," in "Heroes and Hero-worship."

Italy in literature is Dante — one who stands beside Aeschylus and Shakespeare, and "we really cannot add another great name to these." The idea of his "*Divina Commedia*," with its three kingdoms of eternity, is "the greatest idea that we have ever got at." "I think that when all records of Catholicism have passed away, when the Vatican shall be crumpled into dust, and St. Peter's and Strasburg minster be no more, for thousands of years to come Catholicism will survive in this sublime relic of antiquity." Dante is great in his wrath, his scorn, his pity; great above all in his sorrow. His greatness of heart, united with his greatness of intellect, determine his character; and his poem sings itself, has both insight and song. Dante does not seem to know that he is doing anything very remarkable, differing herein from Milton.

In all his delineations he has a most beautiful, sharp grace, the quickest and clearest intellect; it is just that honesty with which his mind was set upon his subject that carries it out. . . . Take for example his description of the city of Dis to which Virgil carries him; it possesses a beautiful simplicity and honesty. The light was so dim that people could hardly see, and they winked at him, just as people wink with their eyes under the new moon, or as an old tailor winks threading his needle when his eyes are not good.

The passage about Francesca is "as tender as the voice of mothers, full of the gentlest pity, though there is much stern tragedy in it. . . . The whole is beautiful, like a clear, piping voice heard in the middle of a whirlwind; it is so sweet, and gentle, and good." The "*Divine Comedy*" is not a satire on Dante's enemies.

It was written in the pure spirit of justice. Thus he pitied poor Francesca, and would not have willingly placed her in that torment, but it was the justice of God's law that doomed her there. . . . Sudden and abrupt movements are frequent in Dante. He is indeed full of what I can call military movements. . . . Those passages are very striking where he alludes to his own sad fortunes; there is in them a wild sorrow, a savage tone of truth, a breaking heart, the hatred of Florence, and with it the love of Florence. . . . His old schoolmaster tells him "If thou follow thy star thou canst not miss a happy harbor." That was just it. That star occasionally shone on him from the blue, eternal depths, and he felt he was doing something good; he soon lost it again; lost it again as he fell back into the trough of the sea. . . . Bitter! bitter! poor exile, — none but scoundrelly persons to associate with. . . . The "*Inferno*" has become of late times mainly the favorite of the three [parts of the poem]; it has harmonized well

with the taste of the last thirty or forty years, in which Europe has seemed to covet more a violence of emotion and a strength of convolution than almost any other quality . . . but I question whether the "*Purgatorio*" is not better, and a greater thing. . . . Men have of course ceased to believe these things, that there is the mountain rising up in the ocean there, or that there are those Malebolgic black gulfs; but still men of any knowledge at all must believe that there exists the inexorable justice of God, and that penitence is a great thing here for man; for life is but a series of errors made good again by repentance, and the sacredness of that doctrine is asserted in Dante in a manner more moral than anywhere else. . . . One can well understand what the Germans say of the three parts of the "*Divina Commedia*," viz., that the first is the architectural, plastic part, as of statuary; the second is the pictorial or picturesque; the third is the musical, the melting into music, song.

Lecture VI. — Dante's way of thinking, in the nature of things, could not long continue. With an increased horizon of knowledge, his theory could no longer fit. "All theories approximate more or less to the great theory which remains itself always unknown. . . . Every philosophy that exists is destined to be embraced, melted down as it were into some larger philosophy." Universities, the art of printing, gunpowder, were changing the aspects of human life during the two centuries that lie between Dante and Cervantes. Loyalty and the Catholic religion, as we saw, gave their character to the Middle Ages. Chivalry, the great product of the Spanish nation, is a practical illustration of loyalty; and chivalry includes, with the German valor of character, another German feature, the reverence for women. The Spanish nation was fitted to carry chivalry to a higher perfection than it attained anywhere else.

The Spaniards had less breadth of genius than the Italians, but they had, on the other hand, a lofty, sustained enthusiasm in a higher degree than the Italians, with a tinge of what we call romance, a dash of Oriental exaggeration, and a tenacious vigor in prosecuting their object; of less depth than the Germans, of less of that composed, silent force; yet a great people, calculated to be distinguished.

Its early heroes, Viriathus and the Cid (whose memory is still musical among the people), lived silent; their works spoke for them. The first great Spanish name in literature is that of Cervantes. His life — that of a man of action — is told by Carlyle in his brief, picturesque manner. "*Don Quixote*" is the very reverse of Dante, yet has analogies with Dante. It

was begun as a satire on chivalry, a burlesque; but as Cervantes proceeds, the spirit grows on him.

In his "Don Quixote" he portrays his own character, representing himself, with good, natural irony, mistaking the illusions of his own heart for realities. But he proceeds ever more and more harmoniously. . . . Above all, we see the good-humored cheerfulness of the author in the middle of his unfortunate destiny; never provoked with it; no atrabilious quality ever obtained any mastery in his mind. . . . Independently of chivalry, "Don Quixote" is valuable as a sort of sketch of the perpetual struggle in the human soul. We have the hard facts of this world's existence, and the ideal scheme struggling with these in a high enthusiastic manner delineated there; and for this there is no more wholesome vehicle anywhere than irony. . . . If he had given us only a high-flown panegyric on the Age of Gold,\* he would have found no ear for him; it is the self-mockery in which he envelops it which reconciles us to the high bursts of enthusiasm, and will keep the matter alive in the heart as long as there are men to read it. It is the poetry of comedy.

Cervantes possessed in an eminent degree the thing critics call *humor*.

If any one wish to know the difference between humor and wit, the laughter of the fool, which the wise man, by a similitude founded on deep earnestness, calls the crackling of thorns under a pot, let him read Cervantes on the one hand, and on the other Voltaire, the greatest laugher the world ever knew.

Of Calderon Carlyle has not read much, "in fact only one play and some choice specimens collected in German books," and in the German admiration for Calderon he suspects there is "very much of forced taste." Lope was "a man of a strange facility, but of much shallowness too, and greatly inferior to Calderon." In the history of Spanish literature there are only these two besides Cervantes. Why Spain declined cannot be explained: "we can only say just this, that its time was come." The lecture closes with a glance at "that conflict of Catholicism and chivalry with the Reformation commonly called the Dutch War."

Lecture VII.—The Reformation places us upon German soil. The German character had a deep earnestness in it, proper to a meditative people. The strange fierceness known as the Berserkirage is also theirs.

Rage of that sort, defying all dangers and obstacles, if kept down sufficiently, is as a

central fire which will make all things to grow on the surface above it. . . . On the whole it is the best character that can belong to any nation, producing strength of all sorts, and all the concomitants of strength—perseverance, steadiness, not easily excited, but when it is called up it will have its object accomplished. We find it in all their history. Justice, that is another of its concomitants; strength, one may say, in justice itself. The strong man is he that can be just, that sets everything in its own rightful place one above the other.

Before the Reformation there had been two great appearances of the Germans in European history—the first in the overthrow of the Empire, the second in the enfranchisement of Switzerland. The Reformation was the inevitable result of human progress, the old theory no longer being found to fit the facts. And "when the mind begins to be dubious about a creed, it will rush with double fury towards destruction; for all serious men hate dubiety."

In the sixteenth century there was no Pope Hildebrand ready to sacrifice life itself to the end that he might make the Church the highest thing in the world. The popes did indeed maintain the Church, "but they just believed nothing at all, or believed that they got so many thousand crowns a year by it. The whole was one chimera, one miserable sham." Any one inclined to see things in their proper light "would have decided that it was better to have nothing to do with it, but crouch down in an obscure corner somewhere, and read his Bible, and get what good he can for himself in that way, but have nothing to do with the Machiavellian policy of such a Church."

At such a time Luther appeared, Luther "whose life was not to sink into a downy sleep while he heard the great call of a far other life upon him."\* His character presents whatever is best in German minds.

He is the image of a large, substantial, deep man, that stands upon truth, justice, fairness, that fears nothing, considers the right and calculates on nothing else; and again, does not do it spasmodically, but quietly, calmly; no need of any noise about it; adheres to it deliberately, calmly, through good and bad report. Accordingly we find him a good-humored, jovial, witty man, greatly beloved by every one, and though his words were half battles, as Jean Paul says, stronger than artillery, yet among his friends he was one of the kindest of men. The wild kind of force that was in him appears in the physiognomy of the

\* Carlyle had previously made particular reference to the scene with the goat-herds.

\* Much of what Carlyle says here of Luther reappears in "Heroes and Hero-worship."

portrait by Luke Cranach, his painter and friend; the rough plebeian countenance with all sorts of noble thoughts shining out through it. That was precisely Luther as he appears through his whole history.

Erasmus admitted the necessity of some kind of reformation.

But that he should risk his ease and comfort for it did not enter into his calculations at all. . . . I should say, to make my friends understand the character of Erasmus, that he is more like Addison than any other writer who is familiarly known in this country. . . . He was a man certainly of great merit, nor have I much to say against him . . . but he is not to be named by the side of Luther,—a mere writer of poems, a *littérateur*.

There is a third striking German character whom we must notice, Ulrich Hutten — a straggler all his days;

much headlong a man. He so hated injustice that he did not know how to deal with it, and he became heart-broken by it at last. . . . He says of himself he hated tumult of all kinds, and it was a painful and sad position for him that wished to obey orders, while a still higher order commanded him to disobey, when the standing by that order would be in fact the standing by disorder.

His lifting his cap, when at the point of death, because he had reverence for what was above him, to the archbishop who had caused his destruction, "seems to me the noblest, politest thing that is recorded of any such a moment as that." And the worst thing one reads of Erasmus is his desertion of Hutten in his day of misfortune.

The English nation (Lecture VIII.) first comes into decisive notice about the time of the Reformation. In the English character there is "a kind of silent ruggedness of nature, with the wild Berserkir rage deeper down in the Saxon than in the others:" English talent is practical like that of the Romans, a greatness of perseverance, adherence to a purpose, method; practical greatness, in short. In the early history, before Alfred, "we read of battles and successions of kings, and one endeavors to remember them, but without success, except so much of this flocking and fighting as Milton gives us, viz. that they were the battles of the kites and crows." Yet the history of England was then in the making. "Whoever was uprooting a thistle or bramble, or drawing out a bog, or building himself a house, or in short leaving a single section of order where he had found disorder, that man was writing the history of England, the

others were only obstructing it." The battles themselves were a means of ascertaining who among them should rule—who had most force and method among them. A wild kind of intellect as well as courage and traces of deep feeling are scattered over their history. There was an affirmativeness, a largeness of soul, in the intervals of these fights of kites and crows, as the doings of King Alfred show us.

About the time of Queen Elizabeth the confused elements amalgamated into some distinct vital unity. That period was "in many respects the summation of innumerable influences, the co-ordination of many things which till then had been in contest, the first beautiful outflush of energy, the first articulate, spoken energy." After centuries the blossom of poetry appeared for once. Shakespeare is the epitome of the age of Elizabeth; he is the spokesman of our nation; like Homer, Aeschylus, and Dante, a voice from the innermost heart of nature; a universal man.\* His intellect was far greater than that of any other that has given an account of himself by writing books. "There is no tone of feeling that is not capable of yielding melodious resonance to that of Shakespeare." In him lay "the great, stern Berserkir rage burning deep down under all, and making all to grow out in the most flourishing way, doing ample justice to all feelings, not developing any one in particular." What he writes is properly *nature*, "the instinctive behest of his mind. This all-producing earth knows not the symmetry of the oak which springs from it. It is all beautiful, not a branch is out of its place, all is symmetry: but the earth has itself no conception of it, and produced it solely by the virtue that was in itself." Shakespeare has a beautiful sympathy of brotherhood with his subject, but he seems to have no notion at all of the great and deep things in him. Certain magniloquent passages he seems to have imagined extraordinarily great, but in general there is perfect sincerity in any matter he undertakes. It was by accident that he was roused to be a poet, "for the greatest man is always a quiet man by nature. We are sure not to find greatness in a prurient, noisy man."

We turn from Shakespeare to a very different man — John Knox.

\* Many things said of Shakespeare and of Knox in this lecture are repeated in "Heroes and Hero-worship."

Luther would have been a great man in other things beside the Reformation, a great substantial happy man, who must have excelled in whatever matter he undertook. Knox had not that faculty, but simply this of standing upon truth entirely; it isn't that his sincerity is known to him to be sincerity, but it arises from a sense of the impossibility of any other procedure. . . . Sincerity, what is it but a divorce from earth and earthly feelings? The sun which shines upon the earth, and seems to touch it, doesn't touch the earth at all. So the man who is free of earth is the only one that can maintain the great truths of existence, not by an ill-natured talking forever about truth, but it is he who does the truth. There is a great deal of humor in Knox, as bright a humor as in Chaucer, expressed in his own quaint Scotch. . . . Thus when he describes the two archbishops quarrelling, no doubt he was delighted to see the disgrace it brought on the Church, but he was chiefly excited by the really ludicrous spectacle of rochets flying about, and vestments torn, and the struggle each made to overturn the other.

Milton may be considered "as a summing up, composed as it were of the two, Shakespeare and Knox."\* Shakespeare having reverence for everything that bears the mark of the Deity, may well be called religious, but he is of no particular sect. Milton is altogether sectarian. As a poet "he was not one of those who reach into actual contact with the deep fountain of greatness;" his "Paradise Lost" does not come out of the heart of things; it seems rather to have been welded together.

There is no life in his characters. Adam and Eve are beautiful, graceful objects, but no one has breathed the Pygmalion life into them; they remain cold statutes. Milton's sympathies were with things rather than men; the scenery and phenomena of nature, the gardens, the trim gardens, the burning lake; but as for the phenomena of mind, he was not able to see them. He has no delineation of mind except Satan, of which we may say that Satan has his own character.

[Lecture IX. is wanting in the manuscript. The following points from the notice in the *Examiner* may serve to preserve continuity in the present sketch. The French as a nation "go together" as the Italians do not; but it is physical and animal going together, not that of any steady, final purpose. Voltaire, full of wit and extraordinary talents, but nothing final in him. All modern scepticism is mere contradiction, discovering no new truth. Voltaire kind-hearted and "benefi-

cent," however. French genius has produced nothing original. Montaigne, an honest sceptic. Excessive unction of Rabelais' humor. Rousseau's world-influencing egotism. Bayle, a dull writer.]

Lecture X.—The French, as we have seen, sowed nothing in the seedfield of time; Voltaire, on the contrary, casting firebrands among the dry leaves, produced the combustion we shall notice by-and-by. No province of knowledge was cultivated except in an unfruitful, desert way. Thus politics summed themselves up in the "*Contrat Social*" of Rousseau. The only use intellect was put to was to ask why things were there, and to account for it and argue about it. So it was all over Europe in the eighteenth century. The quack was established, and the only belief held was "that money will buy money's worth, and that pleasure is pleasant." In England this baneful spirit was not so deep as in France: partly because the Teutonic nature is slower, deeper than the French; partly because England was a free Protestant country. Still it was an age of logic, not of faith; an age of talk, striving to prove faith and morality by speech; unaware that logic never proved any truths but those of mathematics, and that all great things are silent things. "In spite of early training I never do see sorites of logic hanging together, put in regular order, but I conclude that it is going to end in some measure in some miserable delusion."

However imperfect the literature of England was at this period, its spirit was never greater; it did great things, it built great towns, Birmingham and Liverpool, cyclopean workshops, and ships. There was sincerity there at least, Arkwright and Watt were evidently sincere. Another symptom of the earnestness of the period was that thing we call Methodism. The fire in Whitefield—fire, not logic—was unequalled since Peter the Hermit.

As to literature, "in Queen Anne's time, after that most disgraceful class of people—King Charles's people—had passed away, there appeared the milder kind of unbelief, complete formalism. Yet there were many beautiful indications of better things." "Addison was a mere lay preacher completely bound up in formalism, but he did get to say many a true thing in his generation." Steele had infinitely more *naïveté*, but he subordinated himself to Addison.

It is a cold vote in Addison's favor that one gives. By far the greatest man of that time, I think, was Jonathan Swift, Dean Swift, a man

\* So Taine, in his more abstract way, says that Milton sums up the Renaissance and the Reformation.

entirely deprived of his natural nourishment, but of great robustness, of genuine Saxon mind, not without a feeling of reverence, though from circumstances it did not awaken in him. . . . He saw himself in a world of confusion and falsehood; no eyes were clearer to see it than his.

Being of acrid temperament, he took up what was fittest for him, "sarcasm mainly, and he carried it quite to an epic pitch. There is something great and fearful in his irony"—which yet shows sometimes sympathy and a sort of love for the thing he satirizes. By nature he was one of the truest of men, with great pity for his fellow-men. In Sterne

there was a great quantity of good struggling through the superficial evil. He terribly failed in the discharge of his duties, still we must admire in him that sporting kind of geniality and affection, a son of our common mother, not cased up in buckram formulas. . . . We cannot help feeling his immense love for things around him, so that we may say of him as of Magdalene, "Much is forgiven him because he loved much."

As for Pope,

he was one of the finest heads ever known, full of deep sayings, and uttering them in the shape of couplets, rhymed couplets.\*

The two persons who exercised the most remarkable influence upon things during the eighteenth century were unquestionably Samuel Johnson † and David Hume, "two summits of a great set of influences, two opposite poles of it. . . . There is not such a cheering spectacle in the eighteenth century as Samuel Johnson." He contrived to be devout in it; he had a belief and held by it, a genuine inspired man. Hume's eye, unlike Johnson's, was not open to faith, yet he was of a noble perseverance, a silent strength.

The "History of England" failed to get buyers; he bore it all like a Stoic, like a heroic silent man as he was, and then proceeded calmer to the next thing he had to do. I have heard old people, who have remembered Hume well, speak of his great good humor under trials, the quiet strength of it; the very converse in this of Dr. Johnson, whose coarseness was equally strong with his heroisms.

As an historian, Hume "always knows where to begin and end. In his history he frequently rises, though a cold man naturally, into a kind of epic height as he proceeds." His scepticism went to the

very end, so that "all could see what was in it, and give up the unprofitable employment of spinning cobwebs of logic in their brain." His fellow-historian, Robertson, was a shallow man, with only a power of arrangement, and "a soft, sleek style," Gibbon, a far greater historian than Robertson, was not so great as Hume. "With all his swagger and bombast, no man ever gave a more futile account of human things than he has done in the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Lecture XI.—It is very strange to contrast Hume, the greatest of all the writers of his time, and in some respects the worthiest, with Dante; to contrast scepticism with faith. "Dante saw a solemn law in the universe pointing out his destiny with an awful and beautiful certainty, and he held to it. Hume could see nothing in the universe but confusion, and he was certain of nothing but his own existence. Yet he had instincts which were infinitely more true than the logical part of him, and so he kept himself quiet in the middle of it all, and did no harm to any one." But scepticism is a disease of the mind, a fatal condition to be in, or at best useful only as a means to get at knowledge; and to spend one's time reducing realities to theories is to be in an enchanted state of mind. Morality, the very centre of the existence of man, was in the eighteenth century reduced to a theory—by Adam Smith to a theory of the sympathies and moral sense; by Hume to expediency, "the most melancholy theory ever propounded." Besides morality, everything else was in the same state.

A dim, huge, immeasurable steam-engine they had made of this world, and, as Jean Paul says, heaven became a gas; God, a force; the second world, a grave. . . . In that huge universe become one vast steam-engine, as it were, the new generation that followed must have found it a very difficult position to be in, and perfectly insupportable for them, to be doomed to live in such a place of falsehood and chimera; and that was in fact the case with them, and it led to the second great phenomenon we have to notice—the introduction of Wertherism.\*

\* A notice, far from accurate, of the origin of Goethe's "Werther" here follows, and the time is thus characterized by the future historian of Frederick: "It was a time of haggard condition; no genuine hope in men's minds; all outwards was false—the last war for example, the Seven Years' War, the most absurd of wars ever undertaken, on no public principle, a contest between France and Germany, from Frederick the Great wanting to have Silesia, and Louis the Fifteenth wanting to give Madame de Pompadour some influence in the affairs of Europe; and 50,000 men were shot for that purpose."

† It is interesting to compare Thackeray's estimates of Swift and Sterne with Carlyle's.

† The criticism on Johnson, being to the same effect as that of Carlyle's essay, I pass over.

## Werther was right:—

If the world were really no better than what Goethe imagined it to be, there was nothing for it but suicide; if it had nothing to support itself upon but these poor sentimentalities, view-hunting trivialities, this world was really not fit to live in. But in the end the conviction that this theory of the world was wrong came to Goethe himself, greatly to his own profit, greatly to the world's profit.

The same phenomenon shows itself in Schiller's "Robbers." Life to the robber seems one huge bedlam, and a brave man can do nothing with it but revolt against it. In our own literature Byron represents a similar phasis. He is full of "rage and scowl against the whole universe as a place not worthy that a genuine man should live in it. He seems to have been a compound of the Robbers and Werther put together." This sentimentalism is the ultimatum of scepticism. That theory of the universe cannot be true; for if it were there would be no other way for it but Werther's, to put an end to it; for all mankind "to return to the bosom of their father with a sort of dumb protest against it. There was, therefore, a deep sincerity in the sentimentalism, not a right kind of sincerity perhaps, but still a struggling towards it."\*

All this—scepticism, sentimentalism, theorizing, dependence on the opinion of others, wages taken and no duty done—went on and on. And then came the consummation of scepticism. "We can well conceive the end of the last century, the crisis which then took place, the prudence of self-conceit, the talk of illumination, the darkness of confusion." The new French kind of belief was belief in the doctrine of Rousseau, "a kind of half-madman, but of tender pity too, struggling for sincerity through his whole life, till his own vanity and egotism drove him quite blind and desperate." Then appeared one of the frightfullest phenomena ever seen among men, the French Revolution. "It was after all a new revelation of an old truth to this unfortunate people; they beheld, indeed, the truth there clad in hell-fire, but they got the truth." It began in all the golden radiance of hope; it is impossible to doubt the perfect sincerity of the men. At first "for the upper class of people it was the joyfulest of news; now at last they had got something to do; . . . certainly to starve to

death is hard, but not so hard as to idle to death."

But the French theory of life was false—that men are to do their duty in order to give happiness to themselves and one another. And where dishonest and foolish people are, there will always be dishonesty and folly; we can't distil knavery into honesty. Europe rose and assembled and came round France, and tried to crush the Revolution, but could not crush it at all. "It was the primeval feeling of nature they came to crush, but [the spirit of France\*] rallied, and stood up and asserted itself, and made Europe know even in the marrow of its bones that it was there." Bonaparte set his foot on the necks of the nations of Europe. Bonaparte himself was a reality at first, the great armed soldier of democracy, with a true appreciation of the Revolution, as opening the career to all talents; but at last he became a poor egotist, and, stirring up the old Berserkir rage against him, he burned himself up in a day. "On the whole, the French Revolution was only a great outburst of the truth that the world wasn't a mere chimera, but a great reality."

Having seen how scepticism burned itself up, it becomes interesting to inquire (Lecture XII.), What are we to look for now? Are we to reckon on a new period of things, of better, infinitely extending hopes? We do see good in store for us. The fable of the phoenix rising out of its own ashes, which was interpreted by the rise of modern Europe out of the Roman Empire, is interpreted again in the French Revolution. On the spiritual side of things we see the phoenix in the modern school of German literature.† We might inquire, What new doctrine is it that is now proposed to us? What is the meaning of German literature? But this question is not susceptible of any immediate answer, for German literature has no particular theory at all in the front of it. The object of the men who constructed it was not to save the world, but to work out in some manner an enfranchisement for their own souls. And

seeing here the blessed, thrice-blessed phenomenon of men unmutilated in all that constitutes man, able to believe and be in all things men, seeing this, I say, there is here the thing that has all other things presupposed

\* Word omitted in MS.

† Carlyle is assured that there are few in his audience able to read German, but anticipates a better time.

in it. . . . To explain, I can only think of the Revelation, for I can call it no other, that these men made to me. It was to me like the rising of a light in the darkness which lay around, and threatened to swallow me up. I was then in the very midst of Wertherism, the blackness and darkness of death. There was one thing in particular struck me in Goethe. It is in his "Wilhelm Meister." He had been describing an association of all sorts of people of talent, formed to receive propositions and give responses to them, all of which he describes with a sort of seriousness at first, but with irony at the last. However, these people had their eyes on Wilhelm Meister, with great cunning watching over him at a distance at first, not interfering with him too soon; at last the man who was intrusted with the management of the thing took him in hand, and began to give him an account of how the association acted. Now this is the thing, which, as I said, so much struck me. He tells Wilhelm Meister that a number of applications for advice were daily made to the association, which were answered thus and thus; but that many people wrote in particular for recipes of happiness; all *that*, he adds, was laid on the shelf, and not answered at all. Now this thing gave me great surprise when I read it. "What!" I said, "is it not the recipe of happiness that I have been seeking all my life, and isn't it precisely because I have failed in finding it that I am now miserable and discontented?" Had I supposed, as some people do, that Goethe was fond of paradoxes, that this was consistent with the sincerity and modesty of the man's mind, I had certainly rejected it without further trouble; but I couldn't think it. At length, after turning it up a great while in my own mind, I got to see that it was very true what he said—that it was the thing that all the world were in error in. No man has a right to ask for a recipe for happiness; he can do without happiness; there is something better than that. All kinds of men who have done great things—priests, prophets, sages—have had in them something higher than the love of happiness to guide them, spiritual clearness and perfection, a far better thing than happiness. Love of happiness is but a kind of hunger at the best, a craving because I have not enough of sweet provision in this world. If I am asked what that higher thing is, I cannot at once make answer, I am afraid of causing mistake. There is no name I can give it that is not to be questioned; I couldn't speak about it; there is no name for it, but pity for that heart that does not feel it; there is no good volition in that heart. This higher thing was once named the Cross of Christ—not a happy thing *that*, surely.\*

The whole of German literature is not to be reduced to a seeking of this higher thing, but such was the commencement

of it. The philosophers of Germany are glanced at.

I studied them once attentively, but found that I got nothing out of them. One may just say of them that they are the precisely opposite to Hume. . . . This study of metaphysics, I say, had only the result, after bringing me rapidly through different phases of opinion, at last to deliver me altogether out of metaphysics. I found it altogether a frothy system, no right beginning to it, no right ending. I began with Hume and Diderot, and as long as I was with them I ran at atheism, at blackness, at materialism of all kinds. If I read Kant I arrived at precisely opposite conclusions, that all the world was spirit, namely, that there was nothing material at all anywhere; and the result was what I have stated, that I resolved for my part on having nothing more to do with metaphysics at all.

After the Werther period Goethe "got himself organized at last, built up his mind, adjusted to what he can't cure, not suicidally grinding itself to pieces." For a time the ideal, art, painting, poetry, were in his view the highest things, goodness being included in these. God became for him "only a stubborn force, really a heathen kind of thing." As his mind gets higher it becomes more serious too, uttering tones of most beautiful devoutness. "In the *West-östlicher Divan*, though the garb is Persian, the whole spirit is Christianity, it is Goethe himself, the old poet, who goes up and down singing little snatches of his own feelings on different things. It grows extremely beautiful as it goes on, full of the finest things possible, which sound like the jingling of bells when the queen of the fairies rides abroad."\*

Of Schiller the principal characteristic is "a chivalry of thought, described by Goethe as the spirit of freedom struggling ever forward to be free." His "Don Carlos"

is well described as being like to a lighthouse, high, far-seen, and withal empty. It is in fact very like what the people of that day, the Girondists of the French Revolution, were always talking about, the *Bonheur du peuple* and the rest. . . . There was a nobleness in Schiller, a brotherly feeling, a kindness of sympathy for what is true and just. There was a kind of silence too at the last. He gave up his talk about the *Bonheur du peuple*, and tried to see if he could make them happier instead.

The third great writer in modern Germany is Richter.

\* Compare with this passage "the Everlasting Yea" of "Sartor Resartus."

\* A defence of Goethe from the charges of over-serenity and political indifference follows.

Goethe was a strong man, as strong as the mountain rocks, but as soft as the green sward upon the rocks, and like them continually bright and sun-beshone. Richter, on the contrary, was what he has been called, a half-made man; he struggled with the world, but was never completely triumphant over it. But one loves Richter. . . . There is more joyous laughter in the heart of Richter than in any other German writer.

We have then much reason to hope about the future; great things are in store for us.

It is possible for us to attain a spiritual freedom compared with which political enfranchisement is but a name. . . . I can't close this lecture better than by repeating these words of Richter, *Thou, Eternal Providence, will cause the day to dawn.*

Nothing now remains for me but to take my leave of you—a sad thing at all times that word, but doubly so in this case. When I think of what you are, and of what I am, I cannot help feeling that you have been kind to me; I won't trust myself to say how kind; but you have been as kind to me as ever audience was to man, and the gratitudo which I owe you comes to you from the bottom of my heart. May God be with you all!

EDWARD DOWDEN.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
A BISHOP'S CONFESSION.

I.

"BEFORE you can be chosen as a missionary you must pass through an ordeal which will try whether you have every sort of courage—the physical and the moral."

These were the words which the general of the Franciscans had spoken to the young French monk, Brother Euphrasius, when the latter had applied to be sent as a missionary to China; and as the two were alone in the confessional, the good but shrewd old man added gently: "I have watched you, Euphrasius, and love you as a son; that is why I should like you to know yourself. You are not an ordinary monk, for you were a soldier, and I believe a brave one, before joining us; but it was a love disappointment which drove you into the Church, and that was weakness. A man of true moral courage would have remained in the world to bear his misery and do his duty in that state of life which he had adopted. You would have served Christ as well in the camp as in the cloister. Have you thought of this? Have you ever asked yourself

whether it was not your wounded vanity, and, in part, a spirit of vindictiveness that sent you amongst us?"

"It may be," answered Euphrasius after a pause. He was kneeling with his arms crossed and his head bent in an attitude of the lowliest submission. "Father," he continued, making his full confession in a sob, "I cannot drive her out of my mind—I cannot."

"That's it," said the old man in a still gentler tone than before. "And you have been guided in almost all that you have done and now want to do by the desire of being revenged on her. You could not endure to live in the world and see her happy with another man. You said to yourself: 'I will plant a thorn in her breast; I will show her how she has wrecked my life.' Perhaps you are aspiring to the martyr's crown, in order that hearing how you died she may give back to you some of the love which now ought to belong wholly to her husband."

"God forgive me: it is all true," murmured the young monk in abject contrition, as he trembled in every limb.

"Well, pray God to move you with a purer spirit," said the father. "It is but two years since you became a priest, and one only since you joined our brotherhood, and yet already the monotony of cloister life is beginning to pall upon you. The adventurousness and perils of a missionary's life tempt your mind; you cannot bear to end your days in obscurity, praying for yourself and for her whom you have lost. Yet recollect, my son, that your love as it burns now in your breast is deadly sin. If you could bear to become contemptible in the eyes of this woman so that she might never repent having chosen your rival, if you could do something to give her full peace at the cost of your own pride, then your love would be good indeed, and sweet in God's sight, sweet in hers too, when she came to know of it by-and-by in Heaven."

"I will pray for strength, father," faltered Euphrasius almost inaudibly. Then he remained on his knees for some minutes longer, till, having received absolution for the sins he had confessed, he arose and walked off slowly to his cell.

The father watched him with a sympathizing glance as he went. He had no real intention of baulking the young monk's aspirations towards the life of a missionary, and the searching trial to which he had just put his conscience was only the beginning of that probation to which all must submit who want to go

forth into heathen countries as apostles. As there are many forms of human weakness, so the methods of probation must be many and divers. Some have to be tested in the self-denial of creature comforts, some in endurance and temper, some in physical bravery. On these points there seemed to be not much need for trying Brother Euphrasius, who was abstemious as an anchorite, strong in body, and impervious to heat or cold; mild in temper; and as regards courage, a soldier who had been decorated for valor on the battle-field. Henri de Garderoy, as his name was in the world, had been one of the most dashing officers in the French army. He had won his captain's epaulets in the Crimea; but then coming home, he had learned that the girl to whom he had plighted his love had, during his absence, become affianced to another man. The blow had well nigh driven him mad. Angèle de Montcroix, the young lady in question, was of high birth, beautiful, fascinating, and gifted in many ways. Henri would have staked his life on her constancy; and yet, in spite of her plighted troth, and even as he was risking his life in war, winning laurels which were only precious to him because he hoped to lay them at her feet, even then she was untrue to him and gave her hand to a man of no great merit, all for money!

The contempt he felt for the girl who had betrayed him did not serve to cure Henri of his love. Angèle appeared to be indifferent to his reproaches. At the one interview which they had after his return she offered no excuses for her conduct; she told him that her love for him was dead, and she bowed her head to his scorn; but this did not wipe out her image from his heart. He lost all pleasure in his career and left the service, to go and wander in an aimless way over the world. Whilst on his travels he read in the papers of Angèle's marriage to her new lover, the Baron de Rosenheim, a banker nearly twenty years older than herself, and soon afterwards he learned that she was becoming one of the gayest leaders of fashion in Paris. Thereupon he returned to France, capitalized his fortune, and entered a seminary to study for priest's orders. Angèle had been callous to the lustre of his military glory, he would now shame her by his renunciation of all worldly things, and be constant to her in the enforced celibacy of priesthood. Such were the thoughts uppermost in his mind when he prepared for ordination;

such were the thoughts which still inspired him when, a year after taking priest's full orders, he gave up all he possessed to the Franciscan order and assumed the brown cowl and sandals. Truly, by that time there was no more in him of rancor, as men usually understand rancor. He prayed morning and night that Angèle might be happy, but the general of his order had rightly divined that his wound was not healed, and that the sentiments he cherished towards his faithless love, generous as they might seem to men, would to the scrutinizing eye of God appear vindictiveness, and petty vindictiveness, too. It is not enough that we should pardon those who wrong us; we must so pardon as to make the forgiveness easy and comforting to receive.

Brother Euphrasius understood this after the fatherly chiding he had received from his superior; but he could not cease to love, and so long as his love retained any earthly element it must remain mixed with human resentments. You had only to look at the young friar to guess how much he must have suffered from a love wound. He had large, dreamy eyes of wondrous softness. There was a feminine delicacy in his features, in the gentleness of his voice, in the quiet polish of his manners; and his tastes from childhood up had always been those of a scholar and gentleman. He had never been a ferocious soldier. Foremost in the fight, he had also been foremost after battles in rendering kind offices to the conquered. Foes and friends spoke well of him; and those who knew him best confirmed by their praises the intuitive appreciation of those who liked him at first sight.

But Euphrasius was weak — how weak only he himself knew as night after night, in his lonely cell, he tried to banish the thought of Angèle from his mind and could not. There were moments when the perfume of flowers she had worn came back to him with a sense of voluptuousness. He sometimes started out of sleep breathing her name and thinking he was walking with her; and there were other gloomy times when, in his disturbed slumbers, she appeared to him with a tearful face and hands clasped as if she were in sorrow and wanted his help. Of course he knew nothing of what Angèle was doing. She had been married some years now, and in the secluded Norman monastery where he resided no news of the outer world ever penetrated. Eu-

phrasius spent his days in prayer and study. He was permitted to learn the Chinese language, and diligently did so, but without knowing whether his application to be enrolled as a missionary would ever be granted. The father superior purposely kept him in ignorance on this point. A whole year passed and Euphrasius did not again prefer his request, nor did the father superior himself allude to it. But the young friar was learning patience at a good school, and gradually, as he devoted himself to his books, his mind grew calmer and his spirit was soothed. He began to see his position in a clearer light, and, understanding that this earthly life is a short one, to feel that the other and better life beyond this is worth striving for at any cost.

About eighteen months after Euphrasius had confessed himself to his superior as above recorded, the father entered his cell one day, and abruptly said, "Euphrasius, are you still in the same mind about going to China?"

"Yes, father," was all the young friar could say, but he turned crimson.

"Then you shall go and spend a few months at the Foreign Mission College in Paris, where you will be instructed in your duties. Be a good servant of the Church, my son."

"I will try, father."

"I would not make you vain, Euphrasius," continued the old man, laying a kind hand on the young man's shoulder, "but remember that you are one of those to whom much has been given and of whom much will be required; the trials that will be sent to test the fortitude of other missionaries may seem no trials at all to you; but you will have your temptations too. God tries each according to his strength, but not *above* his strength, recollect that."

"Father, if I am to die in my work, let your blessing be with me," said Euphrasius as he knelt down.

"I do not think you will die, my son," said the superior when he had given his blessing: "presumptuous as it may seem that I should try to predict the ways of the Almighty, I yet do not believe that he will take from you a life for which you appear to care little. I have a presentiment that I shall see you again."

"May you be satisfied with my work when I next meet you, father."

"I believe I shall be, Euphrasius," said the old man; "I must not grudge you the confidence you deserve. I look upon you as one of the elect upon whom

God has set his seal for the most difficult of labors that are to be performed here below. Go, striving to be worthy of your election, and come back to me with peace in your heart!"

Brother Euphrasius had certainly peace in his heart at that moment, as he listened to the exhortation of a man whom he revered; and he went to Paris that day with a thankful mind.

## II.

WHILE Euphrasius was preparing himself for the career of a missionary, Angèle de Rosenheim was leading a by no means happy life in Paris. Little as the desolate monk suspected it, she loved him as deeply as he did her; and she had suffered as much as he from this love, though her pangs were of another kind. In her case there was remorse and the bitter humiliation of feeling that she was despised for her mercenary. Poor girl, she had never given a thought to money matters so long as she herself had been concerned; but there had been heavy trouble in her family on account of a scampish brother, and she had been compelled to sacrifice herself for this sacerdotal grace. Angèle's father, the Count de Montcroix, was a squire of no very large estate, who enjoyed an honorable competency, but nothing more. He had two children, and had so husbanded his resources that he hoped to give his son a good start in life and to provide his daughter with a satisfactory dower. But Philippe de Montcroix, Angèle's brother, was a weak-willed spendthrift, who, from the day when he got a commission in a cavalry regiment, started at a gallop down the road to ruin. He ran into debt, and had to be paid out again and again. First his own portion was swallowed up, then his sister's; after this the count had to mortgage his estates to meet another disgraceful scrape. At last, there came a day when Philippe de Montcroix, in order to obtain money which his father could no longer give him, committed an offence which might have brought him within reach of the criminal law. He had to be saved once more, and the only way to do this now was by his sister's making a rich marriage. The Baron de Rosenheim, the count's banker, who had seen Angèle and admired her, declared himself at this juncture and proposed for the girl's hand.

He had heard of Philippe's scrape, and with considerable delicacy he advanced the count a large sum of money without any security at the very moment when it

was needed. Angèle, for her father's sake and her brother's, responded to this generosity by consenting to become the baron's wife; and when the marriage settlements were drawn up shortly afterwards, the banker cleared all the mortgages off her father's property, gave her penitent brother a fresh start in life by sending him as managing agent to a cotton plantation in Louisiana, and settled a million of francs on Angèle herself.

It was under these circumstances that Angèle had to meet Henri de Garderoy when he returned from the Crimea. Her love for him had never abated a moment; on the contrary, it had expanded till it filled her whole being and tortured her. How handsome he looked on that day when he came back to her, having heard nothing of her unfaithfulness! How brave, how knightly and trustful, as he held her hands which for a moment she had not strength to withdraw from him, and gazed rapturously into her eyes! But she had to tell him what had occurred, and she did so at length without faltering. Nor would she accuse any but herself. Having chosen her own part, she had the fortitude to take all the blame on herself; she did not disclose her father's and her brother's trouble; and not a word escaped her to show that she looked upon her coming alliance as a sacrifice. Her husband's honor was now to be her own, and she would not suffer him to appear odious or ridiculous in any man's eyes. So when Henri, in the paroxysm of his despair and anger, flung at her the words, "Jilt! you have sold yourself for money!" she answered: "I shall at all events be the faithful wife of a man whom I admire and esteem"—and this she had said with an apparently cruel calmness.

But it had been an awful scene, and the recollection of it would sicken her whenever her mind dwelt upon it in after time. Her marriage took place, and she went to reside with her husband in the latter's splendid Parisian mansion. Then came the news that Henri de Garderoy had thrown up his commission to become a priest, and this added another weight to Angèle's load of secret misery.

For she had been hoping and praying that he might forget her. Some may think that women never make such wishes in real earnest, but always derive some consolation from the constancy of those whom they have wronged. Angèle de Rosenheim, however, had not wronged Henri in wanton caprice, and it was essen-

tial to her peace of mind that he should be cured of his wound and become happy. Two children were born to her within the first three years of her marriage; and if she could have seen Henri married too, she might have found rest, and have lived content in her children's and husband's love. The baron was a kind, affectionate husband to her; and he was also a genial, honorable man, whose upright character she esteemed, and whose many amiable qualities she loved. Not for worlds would she have done anything to pain him; and she had jealously kept from him all knowledge of her engagement to Henri. The baron had never so much as heard Henri de Garderoy's name pronounced by her.

For all this Henri stood like a shadow between him and his wife. Angèle could not forgive herself for having, as she thought, ruined the life of her lover. She understood but too well the implied rebuke to her own mercenariness which was conveyed in his utter renunciation of all worldly goods, and the censure upon her marriage which he expressed in his own vows of eternal celibacy. But now that he was a priest and monk she sometimes thought that she could bear to tell him the whole truth under the sacred seal of the confessional. She would be wronging no one if she disclosed to a priest that which his lips dared never reveal; indeed, she had perhaps failed in her duty by not making full avowals to the priest of her parish whose confessional she ordinarily attended. If she could only have ascertained where Henri was! If she could have thrown herself at his feet in some lonely convent chapel and have obtained from him his double absolution as a man and as a minister! Unfortunately, monks cannot easily be found by those who have known them in the outer world. The regulations of monastic orders are expressly framed to guard against such encounters. Even if Angèle had been able to ascertain in what monastery and under what name Henri de Garderoy was living it would have been useless for her to try and seek access to him. The father superior would suspect her of wishing to disturb the young friar's peace, and would tell her to carry her confessions elsewhere. This Angèle knew well enough, and nearly six years elapsed after the marriage before a mere hazard—if there be such things as hazards—brought her face to face again with the man who had parted from her in such furious and just anger.

One morning, when Angèle had been breakfasting with her husband and children, the baron, looking at his watch, said, "I shall not go to the office just yet, for I expect the visit of two monks, brothers of the Church Mission, who are coming to me for my yearly subscription."

"How much do you give?" asked Angèle, whose attention was not yet quite awakened to the subject.

"A thousand francs generally."

"And do the monks always come for the money themselves?"

"Yes, it's their rule, I believe. The superior of the Missionary College writes to me that the two friars whom I expect are going to China, and will take my subscription towards their expenses from our hands, 'and'—as he adds—'leave a blessing on our house.'"

"Does the superior say to what order these monks belong?"

"Yes, Franciscans—Brother Babolinus and Brother Euphrasius," saying which the banker smiled.

Then Angèle was silent. She knew that Henri de Garderoy had become a Franciscan, and a hot flush rose to her face. Her two children were standing beside her—the one a bright boy of five, the other a blue-eyed little girl of three. Angèle, to hide her face from her husband, stooped and kissed them; and it was at this moment that a servant coming in announced that there were two friars below.

"Show them up," said the baron, and next minute the pair were introduced. A gloomy pair, sandalled, cowled, with knotted ropes round their waists, whose aspect made the children cling closer to their mother's dress, and whose sad garb formed a striking contrast to the luxuriousness of the banker's furniture, and to the wealth of silver and china displayed on his table.

Angèle herself was beautifully attired in a grey silk *peignoir*, trimmed with pink satin and lace. Her beauty was then in its prime, full of youth, sweetness, and matronly dignity. Nevertheless, her face was blanched of all color, and her eyes were almost haggard, as she rose to her feet on recognizing Henri de Garderoy. Henri, too, knew her at once, and stood as if transfixed near the door. He had thrown back his hood, and his thin, pale face, surmounted by his shaven crown and small fringe of brown hair, looked like that of a man risen from the grave or descended from the picture of a saint. For a moment his wan cheeks became

tinged with pink, and a flash, vivid as lightning in the night, shot through his eyes. But he promptly remembered his vow of humility, and with lowered glance and arms folded, stood motionless, though his head swam.

Poor Euphrasius! this shock had come upon him more heavily for being unexpected. He had gone out with his brother, Babolinus, in obedience to his superior's orders; but as it was Babolinus who had to collect the money, Euphrasius had not asked where they were going. Monks do not converse with each other in the streets, and Euphrasius had entered two houses before this one without knowing, or indeed caring, who the owners were.

Luckily for him it was Babolinus who did all the talking, and very expert he was at the work, for he was a friar of the jocose order. Not all the abstemiousness of convent life, or its rigid discipline, had been able to freeze the source whence his good-humor flowed in a limpid stream. He fasted as much as other monks, prayed like them, toiled like them, but he was always cheerful; and he had been ordered now to go out to China because men like himself, bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, make precious missionaries. "Monsieur le Baron," he said, advancing with a smile as he held out his collection bag, "we come as wayfarers thanking you for paying the expenses of our journey."

"You are going to China?" said the baron, dropping a bank-note into the bag. "It is a long voyage and a dangerous country, eh?"

"Danger exists everywhere; but we live through it somehow," answered the cheerful monk. "May your path and those of your lady and children be free from them."

"Thank you," said the banker; "when do you sail, brother?"

"In about a week."

"And your young friend here is going with you?"

"Yes, we are to be companions. Speak up for yourself, Euphrasius."

Up to this moment Angèle, who stood with heaving breast, had said nothing. Her children were clinging to her as if frightened, and she could find no words to reassure them. She was trembling, and felt ashamed, for as her eye wandered from Henri—oh, how changed from former times!—to the finery around her, she thought she could read what was passing in his mind. There was he barefooted, clad in serge, and wasted by long

privations, whilst she revelled in rich attire and plenty. She wished she had been clothed in rags sooner than in these rustling stuffs which seemed to mock his utter poverty. Where would be the use of kneeling at his feet now to make her shrift? Would he ever believe in her repentance now that he had seen her apparently in the full sunshine of domestic bliss, and her husband giving alms to him?

But the banker was speaking to Euphrasius.

"Dear me, sir," he said, "it seems to me that I have met you before. You remind me strangely of a brave young officer whom I once knew very slightly, Henri de Garderoy."

"Such was my name once," replied the young monk in a low voice.

"What, the hero of the Redan? And now you are a monk! Well, I won't say there's anything amiss in that; but yet I hope, brother, you have not been banished from the world by sorrows?"

"I have never felt any wish to return to the world," was Euphrasius's evasive answer, and the banker, feeling he had been indiscreet, desisted from further questions. But at that moment Angèle intervened.

"My brother, let your blessing rest on my children," she faltered, gliding forward, and holding her children by the hand.

"God's peace be upon them!" said Euphrasius, lifting three fingers of his hand, but still speaking very low and avoiding Angèle's glance.

"And on me, brother, and on my husband."

"And on you, lady, and on your husband," continued the monk gently.

Angèle had sunk to his knees and lowered her head. When she raised it the two friars were already gone, and it was her husband who assisted her to rise.

"Fine fellows those monks," he said, wondering a little to see his wife so much moved, but attributing the fact to the magic which ecclesiasticism exercises over the female mind. "Fancy, though, a captain of dragoons turning friar! I suppose some girl jilted him; it's an old story."

### III.

OUR scene now is in a Chinese village called Seiho-Tchin. A missionary station was established there, with its church, its school, its dispensary of medicines, and its hospital. Brother Babolinus was the

nominal director of these institutions, but the real, active manager of them all was Euphrasius, who had more energy, culture, and knowledge of the world than his senior. He had found Seiho a wilderness, spiritually speaking; in two years he had raised it to a condition of prosperity, happiness, and order which made it enviable in the sight of surrounding Chinese communities.

One man may work wonders when there breathes in him a sacred fire. Euphrasius had practically converted the whole population of Seiho to Christianity, and in doing so had stripped them of many prejudices which kept them backward in the management of their worldly affairs. He taught them improved methods of agriculture, enterprise and honesty in trade, cleanliness, sanitary laws; he made them desirous of useful knowledge, and instilled into them all sorts of ideas tending to their general enlightenment. His school was crowded with children; his dispensary and hospitals helped to stifle in the germ many of those fearful epidemics which are continually decimating the Chinese population; and in his church, Sunday after Sunday, he addressed large and eager congregations who marvelled at his facility in speaking their language. Brother Babolinus had never been able to master the Chinese tongue, but Euphrasius spoke it so well that his usefulness as a missionary had the fullest scope.

Of course, however, he had his trials to bear, for his work was by no means easy, and the good which he could achieve, slowly and laboriously, by an exercise of untiring patience, was often compromised by the hostility of natives who were not settled within his parish. Petty officials, who were sent to rule the village, frowned at the spread of Christianity, and would often try to persecute the converts; provincial governors laughed at the schools, disapproved of the hospital, and endeavoured to rouse popular fanaticism against the pharmacy, as being a dispensary of devilish drugs. Alone with Brother Babolinus in a hostile country, two hundred miles away from the nearest European settlement, Euphrasius had to cope with these difficulties and dangers as he could; but his very weakness was in some way a protection to him, and on the whole he got on very fairly till a fellow-countryman of his, a certain Monsieur Rigobert, came and settled in the village as a general dealer in European wares, a cook, publican, fiddler, dentist, surgeon, and performer of conjuring tricks.

This Rigobert was not at all a bad fellow, so far as heart and intentions went. He wanted to make money, and would have been content to make it honestly so long as this was possible. A small, crop-headed, dapper little fellow, nimble as an ape, garrulous as a magpie, and always smiling; he boasted a hundred talents, and would never scruple to lay claim to a hundred others which he had not got. He could draw a tooth deftly, but he would also undertake to cut off a leg, which was not so much in his line. He had a smattering of astronomy, but he pretended to divine the influence of the stars on human events; he sold genuine goods so long as he had any, but when his stock of such was on the decline, he had no hesitation in palming off pinchbeck and shoddy at the same prices as substitutes. This unprejudiced genius had tried all sorts of trades in France without much success, and had at last gone out to China as cook on board a merchant vessel. But being horribly seasick on board, he had vowed that he would not set foot on a ship again till he had earned money enough to justify his travelling home as a first-class cabin passenger. Hearing that a Christian settlement was flourishing at Seiho, and that an "opening" existed there without competition for a man of enterprising turn, he had started off with a stock of mixed goods — also a fiddle, a concertina, and a box of conjuring implements, including an inexhaustible bottle, out of which he lost no time in dispensing liquor to the natives. This marvellous proceeding had its due effect on the Chinese mind, and in a very short time, by dint of his fiddling, conjuring, quacking, and fortune-telling, Monsieur Rigobert became a popular character in the village, and began to feather his nest pretty snugly at the expense of the Celestials.

Unfortunately, Rigobert's influence, as soon as it was definitely established, did not work to the ends which Euphrasius and his comrade Babolinus were pursuing — much the contrary. Rigobert had at first settled under the missionaries' protection, begging them respectfully to befriend him; but as soon as he could shift for himself, he proceeded to set up what he was facetiously pleased to call a "constitutional opposition." He left off going to church on the ground that he was a free-thinker, and amused himself by indoctrinating the minds of his Chinese customers with republican and materialist ethics, "because," said he, "the clergy

ought not to have things entirely their own way." In all this Monsieur Rigobert intended to be funny rather than mischievous; to tease the missionaries rather than to grieve or damage them, but he did not know the country in which he was living, and one of the earliest results of his fooleries was to breed schism in the village. All the most cunning and worthless characters, who found Euphrasius's spiritual yoke too heavy, became customers of M. Rigobert's drink-shop, and imbibers of his doctrine. Then the silly fellow added a roulette table to his other attractions, and opened a regular casino, where drunkenness and gambling ran riot, terminating not unfrequently in fights and murder. Thereupon, the native officials found an excuse for saying that "these Christians" (for they confounded the good and the bad together) were fomenters of discord and trouble; and by way of showing impartiality between what they termed the two "sects," they fell into the habit of bamboozing two or three well-behaved converts every time that a like number of Monsieur Rigobert's friends had deserved punishment.

All this was a heavy trouble to Euphrasius and Babolinus, but their expostulations with their raffish fellow-countryman were of no avail. Babolinus had tackled the man jovially, appealing to his sentiments as a good fellow, and urging upon him that Frenchmen ought to make common cause in a foreign land so far from home; Euphrasius had remonstrated more severely, pointing out to Rigobert that he was guilty of criminal folly which might lead to bloodshed, in which case a weighty responsibility would rest upon him.

"You know," said he, with something of military peremptoriness, "how jealously we are watched here as strangers. We can only hope to remain unmolested by leading the most blameless lives."

"Well, brother, I am leading an honest life enough," grinned Rigobert, not in the least put out. "You have your doctrines and I have mine, and we each practise what we preach."

"Pooh, man, don't talk to us of doctrine," laughed Babolinus. "I suppose these are your doctrines," and he pointed to an empty row of bottles that had been filled with a devilish sort of whisky distilled from rice.

"Before you came here there was not a drunken man in the village," continued Euphrasius; "and now, it seems, you have set up a private still. The streets,

are filled with noise every evening, and your customers come yelling the songs you have taught them under our windows."

"That shows they are enjoying themselves, brother."

"Enjoying themselves in drinking poisonous spirit, losing their money over your gambling table, fighting with each other like dogs, and then being flogged by order of the mandarins? Is that your idea of making people happy?"

"I don't think we are likely to agree, brother, as to what constitutes happiness here below or hereafter," replied Rigobert good-humoredly. "You try to keep people in the straight path by threatening them with everlasting fire if they go wrong; I preach to them the more general philosophy of making the best of this life, seeing that they know little of that which is to come. You speak to your friends as if they were babies; I treat mine as if they were my equals in common sense, and I impart to them all the opinions which I have myself formed in France."

"Well, one of these days you will rouse up against you these poor, misguided creatures, whom you will have taught to obey no moral law, and the end of it will be that we shall have riots and perhaps massacres here."

"Oh, as to that, brothers, I promise you that if there be a riot you shall come through it unscathed. I may assail your theories, but I never speak otherwise than with respect of your person. Were you attacked I should stand by you, and not one of my friends would touch a single hair — among the very few which you sport on your heads." This being an allusion to the monks' tonsures, seemed to Monsieur Rigobert a happy stroke of wit, and put him in high good-humor with himself as the two friars retreated, sorrowing and angered at his obstinacy.

The interview had taken place outside the door of Rigobert's general store and casino, a now flourishing establishment which the Frenchman carried on with the assistance of half-a-dozen native servants. The outside of it was gaudily painted and adorned with lanterns which by night made a flaunting blaze, and during the day there were generally some loafers hanging about the tables set at the doors to drink of the fiery liquors which the Frenchman sold. If custom was slack, Rigobert would take up his concertina or fiddle, and the lively tunes he played generally had the effect of bringing flocks of

Chinamen to his doors. After the visit of the monks, Rigobert deemed it prudent to indulge in a little music, just by way of showing the public that the lecture he had been receiving from the friars had had no effect upon him at all, so he struck up the "*Marseillaise*," and the triumphant strains of this air followed the two monks as they made their way back dejectedly to their school.

Whenever he entered his schoolroom — a large, gay place ornamented with maps and religious prints, and full of happy children — Euphrasius felt comforted for many of his troubles. He knew that he was doing good here. Some of the older boys and girls were already advanced enough to act as pupil-teachers, and the educational work was being carried on in a way which exceeded the most sanguine anticipations which the missionaries had formed at first. Babolinus chiefly busied himself in the hospital and dispensary, and it was on Euphrasius that the care of the schools devolved. He was largely assisted by an intelligent girl of fifteen, and by her brother a year younger, who had both been brought up in a European house at Shanghai, and who spoke French well. The girl's name was Lolling, but in christening her Euphrasius had called her Angela, and her brother, Lao-Tsen, he had baptized Angelo. They were both good children, proud of the good work in which they had been admitted to share, and earnest in seconding Euphrasius, whom they loved as a father.

But, in christening these two young assistants by the name of the woman whom he had so deeply loved, Euphrasius had surely proved that he still thought much of Angèle de Rosenheim? Indeed he did, and at times he thought of her very bitterly, though always with a love unquenchable. His sudden interview with her at her own house, when he had seen her so richly clad and living amid so much luxury, had left a tormenting impression on him. He had not noticed the yearning look that was in her eyes when she gazed upon him. He had only noticed her beauty, her attire, her lovely children, her husband, who looked so prosperous and happy by her side; and he had thought that she was entirely happy too. Well, he wished her to be happy. On his conscience he desired nothing but her good. Yet the meeting with her had been hard. A humble, starveling monk, coming into her house as a beggar — that is what he had been — and his wounded vanity suggested the idea that he had

looked mean and ridiculous, just such a figure as a woman might congratulate herself on not having married.

One day, speaking in his usual chaffing way to the monks, Rigobert had said: "You have your ambition as well as I, my masters. I want to become rich; you, I dare say, dream of bishops' mitres, cardinals' hats, and perhaps of the papal tiara." Euphrasius had had no dreams of the kind. It had never entered his head that he could become a bishop, but he did wish to do something that would make Angèle think of him with admiration. Here was what he conceived to be a laudable ambition when he was left to himself and had no superior to read his conscience and to chide him. Unfortunately for him, he lived in China, under no spiritual domination at all beyond that of his own conscience. Brother Babolinus did not know enough of his friend's affairs to act as his adviser, nor was he the sort of man to act as a close dissector of consciences. The two monks confessed their sins to each other, but Babolinus looked upon his younger comrade as a saint, and would sometimes say to him, half in jest, half in earnest, "If you were to be killed out here, brother, the court of Rome would canonize you in fifty years' time."

To be always praised is not good for any man; and there came a time when Euphrasius almost got to think himself near to human perfection. He did not say to himself that he was perfect; but sounding his conscience for sins, he could find none, and in his confessions to Babolinus he had to fall back upon trivialities. Thus he lapsed into a mood of unwitting self-justification and praise. He felt that he was working with his whole heart, denying himself, and doing his best generally to serve God; and he wondered somewhat querulously why Heaven had raised up such an obstacle on his path as Monsieur Rigobert. Had Heaven, then, no interest in the work he was achieving? Was it nothing to have rescued souls from infidelity? and were his labors as an apostle to be thwarted at every step by a rogue who was scattering sin around him broadcast?

Babolinus, perceiving how impatient Euphrasius grew at Rigobert's misdeeds, tried sometimes to offer consolation, and in so doing spoke in a truer spirit of Christian philosophy than his friend, though it was far from his intention to speak in a tone of reproof. "Brother, our work must not be made too easy for

us," he used to say, "else we might despise it, and perhaps undertake more than we can satisfactorily perform. So long as this wolf is amongst us we shall not be tempted to abandon the sheep of our little flock, and this, perhaps, will be a mercy to them."

"Everything was going on so well before he came," muttered Euphrasius mournfully.

"And everything will go on well though he is here. Assuredly an occasion will come for worshipping him. Let us remain patient in our work, and we may be judged worthy of sharper trials than any that have befallen us yet."

"Would that some sharper trial would come!" exclaimed Euphrasius fanatically; then, becoming aware of his presumption, he added humbly, "if strength be vouchsafed us to meet it. What I mean, Babolinus, is that this man seems too mean a foe to cope with. It is like wrestling with a viper, and wasting one's time and strength over it, when one has gone out to meet lions."

"Patience, brother! we shall encounter our lions in time," replied the elder monk.

"I wonder how soon," answered Euphrasius, with a faint smile.

"Oh! soon enough for me," said Babolinus, laughing. "I only hope I may not be like the prophet who met the lion in the way, and was slain outright, without any fighting on his part, from what I can make out."

The lions — that is, the sharp trial which Euphrasius had invoked — did come, but not in the manner, or at the time, when the young monk had expected.

Once a month an *estafette* used to come from the nearest European settlement, bringing letters and parcels from Europe to Seiho. One day, in fine spring weather, the courier arrived whilst Euphrasius was busy with his classes in the school, and Babolinus presently came running into the schoolroom, flourishing a large open document with a seal to it.

"Father! father!" he cried, and, with tears of joy starting to his eyes, flung himself at his friend's feet, "let your first episcopal blessing rest on me, monseigneur!"

"What means this?" inquired Euphrasius amazed.

"The holy father has constituted Seiho into a see, and appointed you its first bishop," answered Babolinus, still on his knees. "I may say now, like Simeon, *Nunc dimittis*, and rejoice that this has

been in part my doing, though we shall, alas! be separated."

"Why should we be separated?" asked Euphrasius. Then, when he had laid his hands on his friend, and assisted him to rise — when he had also appeased the tumult that had arisen in the schoolroom by dismissing all his cheering, hallooing little pupils for a half-holiday (after they, too, had clustered round him for a blessing) — then he sat down, in considerable agitation, to read the instructions that had been forwarded to him from Rome along with his letters of appointment. The documents stated that, owing to reports which had come to Rome (they could only have been sent by Babolinus) of Euphrasius's zeal, courage, and piety, owing also to the success of his labors as a missionary, it had been resolved to appoint him bishop, and to send out twelve new missionaries to Seijo to undertake parish work under his directions. Meanwhile — that is to say, as soon as these missionaries arrived — the new bishop was to delegate Brother Babolinus as his coadjutor *pro tem.*, and to proceed to Rome for his investiture and for further orders. On his return to China he might, if he deemed it expedient, take out an additional staff of missionaries and school-teachers with him, so that the new Christian vineyard which he had planted in what had once been a wilderness might not suffer from want of laborers.

"And it is to thee I owe all this!" exclaimed Euphrasius, quite overcome and embracing Babolinus in a transport of gratitude. "But what possessed thee to send such reports in my favor without informing me?"

"Because I knew you would not have written in your own praise," answered Babolinus with an honest laugh. "For all this is your doing, brother — these schools, this church, could not have risen above ground without you; and yet, I confess, I did not think my words would so soon have borne fruit. The Holy Father has paid me a great compliment in believing me thus ready."

"The bishopric should have come to you, Babolinus. I could well afford to wait," said Euphrasius, sincerely meaning what he said.

"No, father; I am an old man, having none of your genius, and I should have made a poor bishop." Then, with a good-humored twinkle in his eye, "But now, father, you will be better armed against the lions than I, for you will have a crozier to defend yourself with."

"What lions?" asked Euphrasius absently.

"Why, the lions who were to relieve the monotony of our existence — the lions who were to come under the form of new trials to test our strength and faith."

"Ah! yes," answered Euphrasius as absently again, and he did not smile at the joke.

He had just taken up a bundle of the newly arrived French papers, and, in the first journal which he opened, his eyes had lit upon a paragraph announcing that the Baron de Rosenheim had been raised to the rank of senator by the emperor Napoleon. Between this promotion of Angèle's husband and his own rise Euphrasius saw no connection whatever, for he believed Babolinus to have been the sole author of the good fortune that had befallen himself. But the baron's rise did cause him a slight pang. At such a moment he could have better borne to keep this man out of sight. A senator was a greater man than a bishop, and Angèle was less likely to be amazed at her first lover's new dignity if her husband held a dignity still higher. Euphrasius felt, during a few unworthy moments, like a man who is being constantly distanced in the race of life by a rival, and it required some effort on his part to shake off this feeling. However, his new position had so far modified his sentiments about the future that he no longer cared so much to encounter new trials in China. In another month the new missionaries would be coming out, and he should set his face towards Rome. To Rome! He longed to perform this journey. He had in his mind's eye a vast scheme for the proselytizing of China, the which, if favorably entertained by the court of Rome, would open up a boundless field for his energies, and make his name ring far and wide among the bishops of Christendom. Then, if the martyr's crown came it would be welcome; for he could go feeling that he had left a deep seal of his presence on this earth, and, possibly, made some impression too on the woman who had misunderstood him and slighted him for money.

Poor Euphrasius! his ambition would have been cruelly curbed if he could have known that he owed his bishopric mainly, if not solely, to the untiring efforts which Angèle and her husband had made with the French government and with the Vatican on his behalf. The kindly offices of the good Babolinus would have gone but a small way towards getting him a mitre.

## IV.

IT was some two or three months after this that tidings reached Europe of a new and treacherous massacre of Christians by the Chinese. It was reported that a popular rising had taken place at Seiho-Tchin; that the missionary church and schools had been burned; that two hundred native converts, including children, had been put to the sword, and that the newly appointed Bishop of Seiho, along with Brother Babolinus and twelve lately disembarked missionaries, had also perished, after having been subjected to horrible tortures. That was the first account that arrived—an account which made Angèle de Rosenheim's blood run cold when she read it in a newspaper which her husband handed to her. For several days the poor lady mourned over her martyred lover with an anguish all the more terrible as she had to keep it secret. But then intelligence came that the Bishop of Seiho had not been killed—that, in fact, he alone had survived the general massacre. And with this news was flashed the story of how the bishop had owed the preservation of his life to the fact of his having evinced such a sublime courage as had shamed his persecutors into admiration of him. He had been put to torture, his limbs had been racked, his feet and hands had been thrust into the fire, and molten lead had been poured upon him; but though these barbarous cruelties had been carried on for three days, no recantation could be wrung from him, so that at length his tormentors let him go with his life out of sheer wonder and respect. By-and-by ampler details arrived from the pens of newspaper correspondents at Shanghai, and it appeared that the catastrophe at Seiho had been brought about through the misdoings of the publican Rigobert. A party of Chinamen, having lost their money over that man's roulette table one night, swore that they had been robbed, and commenced destroying the furniture of the casino. The publican drawing a revolver to protect his property, there had been bloodshed, after which the rioters set fire to the casino, and then a cry had arisen of "Down with the Christians!" The missionaries rushing out to render assistance in extinguishing the fire that had spread to some cottages, were either slaughtered out of hand, or taken captives and put to death subsequently in tortures. Meanwhile the murderers, drunk and infuriated, had pursued their work of extermination by going

from house to house and slaying all the native converts who refused to trample on the crucifix. Some two hundred men, women, and children had thus died, confessing their faith; and of the European residents not one had escaped save the bishop. Rigobert, the author of the mischief, had perished with the rest.

These horrible tidings came to France at a moment when Parisian society had not much to talk about. It was in 1865; Europe was quiet, and the second empire in its heyday. Society having no wars or political sensations to distract it, was in a humor to give its undivided attention to a story which made every Catholic lady thrill as she read it, and which drew even from hardened cynics on the Boulevards the confession that the age of dauntless martyrs was not gone yet. When it was known that Monseigneur de Garderoy (as he was now called) was on his way back to Europe, and would probably come to Paris after passing through Rome, public curiosity was stimulated in a marked degree; when it was reported at length that the stout-hearted bishop had actually arrived in Paris every man and woman who had perused the wondrous record of his life became eager to see him and hear him preach. It was soon announced that the bishop would appear in the pulpit of Notre Dame, and the chapter of this cathedral was worried with applications for reserved seats from all persons holding any social position by reason of their rank, wealth, fame, or name. Martyrs are not common in these times, though the race be not extinct; and to see a man who had actually gone through the ordeal of flame and rack for his convictions was an attraction indeed. Moreover, this bishop was not a priest of the common sort, who had been bred in seminaries, knew little of the workaday world, and would scarcely be expected to address cultivated laymen in language they would understand; he was an ex-officer who had won honor in the army, and whose name was still remembered with pride in his old regiment. Scores of his former comrades were among those who wanted to get into the cathedral to hear him, feeling sure that the words which fell from his lips would be of a sort to stir them like trumpet notes.

If such were the sentiments of the public, one may imagine what were those of Angèle de Rosenheim. She had spent some days in sickening sorrow, while she thought Henri de Garderoy dead, and afterwards she had pored, with

streaming eyes and a throbbing heart, over the narrative of his heroism and endurance. When he returned to France, she resolved that she must see him at any hazard. To be despised of such a man was more than she could bear. If only for his own sake, that he might think no worse of human nature, as he had known it, than it actually deserved, she must tell him that she had not deserted him for the sordid motives which he had imputed to her. After that she would be at peace with herself, and she would be enabled thenceforth to see him face to face without fear, and to think of him without sin.

For some days Angèle hesitated as to whether she should not relieve herself of her heart's burden by seeking an interview with Henri at once. But she learned that he had gone *en retraite* into the Franciscan monastery of Caen, where he had spent the first years of his monkhood; so she was fain to wait until he should return to Paris, to preach his promised course of sermons at Notre Dame. The Lenten season was approaching, and it had been arranged that the missionary bishop should preach in the cathedral, in aid of the foreign missions, on every Friday throughout Lent. But first he was to preach a Sunday sermon, in the private chapel of the Tuileries Palace, before the emperor Napoleon, the empress, and court. This was by the empress's special desire, and invitations to the mass and sermon were issued by her Majesty's chamberlain as for a court reception. As a senator, the Baron de Rosenheim obtained one for himself and his wife; and a few days before the solemnity the minister of public worship, accosting the baron in the lobbies of the senate, congratulated him on the signal manner in which Monseigneur de Garderoy had justified the encomiums which M. de Rosenheim had passed upon him, in recommending him for a bishopric: "Your *protégé* has done wonders, baron," said the minister. "When we first proposed him at Rome for the mitre he was thought a little young even for a bishopric *in partibus*; but now we are holding a French bishopric in reserve for him. He is thirty-five, is he not?"

"I believe so. My wife used to know him when he was in the army, but that was before her marriage, more than ten years ago."

"Exactly; and he was a captain when he left the service. Well, the bishopric of St. Cloud is vacant, and I am sure we

shall be satisfying the public wish if we appoint him to it. But there are other dignities in store for him. After his sermon on Sunday, the emperor will give him the commandership of the Legion of Honor, and appoint him one of the preachers in ordinary to the court. I dare say, in time, Monseigneur de Garderoy will become an archbishop and cardinal."

"And perhaps after that pope," said the baron with a smile.

"Perhaps pope," laughed the minister. "If he were an Italian instead of a Frenchman, his chances would be considerable; at all events, he wants no friends to help him now."

No; the Bishop of Seijo no longer stood in need of patrons. Even poor Babolinus, had he been still alive, would have added little to the general testimony as to his friend's greatness and goodness. How high his name stood in men's estimation, Henri de Garderoy could measure for himself when he returned to the Franciscan monastery, which he had left rather more than three years before. Modern monks are no flatterers. The mere elevation of their old comrade to a bishopric would not have been sufficient of itself to compel their respect; but before the steadfast missionary, before the martyr, they bowed down with startled, loving reverence.

The old superior, who had said to him at parting, "I have a presentiment that I shall see you again, Euphrasius," knelt down to crave his blessing, and faltered as he did so. "God be praised that I read your destinies aright, monseigneur. I felt that if your life was spared, you would only live to Christ's glory."

"Don't call me monseigneur," said the bishop, taking the old man's arm and leading him away. "Call me 'son' once more, and conduct me to my old cell."

"Your cell; nobody has occupied it since you left," said the superior. "You will find it just as it was. Does it bring back happy memories to you, my son?"

"Very happy," answered the bishop with a sigh. "Memories as of childhood. My conscience was almost at rest here; at least so it seems to me now."

As he uttered these words almost inaudibly the bishop entered the small cell so bare of furniture, and sat down at the little table where he had spent so many hours in study. Then it was that the superior had a good full view of his features for the first time, and recoiled at the alterations which he noticed in him.

Henri was no longer attired in monkish habit, but in a priest's black cassock, with the violet buttons which denoted his rank, a cassock which added to the thinness of his appearance. He had allowed his hair to grow, and it was all grey. One of his hands—the left—was in a sling, the other was covered with a black glove which, on being removed, disclosed fingers and palm all scarred with the marks of scorching. But what affected the superior even more than these fearful traces of physical suffering was the look of unutterable melancholy stamped on the bishop's features. It even seemed to him that a strange expression, almost as of fright, had crept into the bishop's eyes. These eyes no longer had the steadfast, unquavering glance as of yore. The light of youth had gone out of them, nay, it looked almost as if hope had fled from them too. Occasionally they opened wide and gazed for a moment with a horror-stricken expression into space, then suddenly closed, as if the vision they saw was too shocking to be borne.

"Oh, my son, how you must have suffered!" exclaimed the superior clasping his hands.

"It is over now," muttered the bishop hoarsely. "They are in heaven now."

"They? Your companions, you mean; poor Babolinus and the others, and your little school-children. Yes, certainly they're in heaven."

"They died so nobly," murmured the bishop, as if he were speaking to himself. "Little children of six and seven, with their mothers, who refused to trample on the crucifix to save their lives, and as they were weltering in blood they called on the name of Christ."

"What faith!" ejaculated the superior with emotion. "And to think, my son, that it was you who planted it in the bosoms of those women and children who are now with the angels."

"But Rigobert died well too," cried the bishop, proceeding with his soliloquy. "Oh, yes, right well, like a man." Then a shudder passed over him. "You have heard of Rigobert, father? He was the publican whose conduct led to the massacre. Well, they brought him a crucifix and said to him, 'Spit on it,' not doubting that he would. He refused. They forced it to his lips, and he kissed it. 'I shall not buy my life by debasing myself at your bidding. Besides, my old mother used to pray to the crucifix, and I kiss it for her sake.' Those were the words which this publican and sinner uttered,

and died for them. Can you realize that, father?"

The bishop had raised his voice, and now stood up with a flashing glamor in his eyes, and a shiver shaking his whole body. The superior trembled to see him in such agitation, and endeavored to soothe him. "Be sure, my son, that God has had mercy on this unhappy man, and received him as he did the penitent thief."

"Yes, I believe that," faltered the bishop; "but oh, father, if you could know what is on my mind," and burying his head in his hands he burst into tears, and sobbed, not like a child, but with the appalling grief of a man.

It was evident that his nerves had been wofully shaken by the crucial torments which he had undergone, and the monks were all desirous of ministering to him during his stay among them. But the bishop would not let himself be cared for. He sojourned for a fortnight in the friars, eating of their food and joining in their labors, and by degrees a certain amount of composure was restored to him. But often he would walk alone in the garden of the monastery, pacing with feverish strides, and talking to himself as it seemed to those who observed him; and if he happened to encounter the superior after one of these walks he would eye him wistfully, and open his lips as if he had something to say. One day he went so far as to murmur, "Father, I must make my confession to you," but then he suddenly checked himself, and when the superior gently encouraged him to speak, he repelled these advances suspiciously, almost roughly: "No, I must be a man, and not conjure up phantoms to scare myself with," he said, and his stay at the monastery came to an end without his having taken the superior into his confidence.

"I trust he leaves us in better health than when he came," remarked the old man as he saw him depart. "But surely God has tried his very heart and reins. I would not have thought that physical torments could have wrought such a change in any man. Holy Mary! how he must have suffered!"

v.

THE Sunday had come when the Bishop of Seijo was to preach before the court. The frivolous society of the second empire had its gayest and fairest representatives packed in the handsome but small chapel of the Tuileries, where scarcely

standing-room could be found for statesmen, senators, and foreign ambassadors who were crowded into all the corners. The emperor was present, ensconced in his armchair, and stroking his moustache with a reflective look; the empress was there too, and the prince imperial; and the empress, with a true Spaniard's fervor, leaned forward and signed herself as the martyr-bishop passed her, preceded by the verger, on his way from the altar to the pulpit.

It was a solemn moment enough; and as the preacher arose to speak there was a perfect hush as in a room where the dead are lying. Not a man or woman was there among that brilliant, worldly-minded congregation but felt that this man who stood up before them so awfully cadaverous in appearance had earned the right to say to them what things he would. In this age of limp convictions, of bantering scepticism, of self-seeking compromises, in this age of effeminate luxuries, of striving after riches, comforts, and amusement, this priest had endured the tortures of hell sooner than sacrifice his personal dignity or deny his faith. And he had thus suffered not ostentatiously in the sight of thousands ready to applaud his fortitude, but obscurely, in a dark corner of the world. That his heroism had become manifest, and had been proclaimed on the housetops all over Christendom, was a mere matter of chance, for it might well have happened that he should have died of his wounds and passed away from men's minds, leaving no record behind of what things he had suffered, bequeathing no example to his contemporaries and to generations yet unborn.

But God had not willed it so, and there he stood a living memorial of faith and strength—a teacher from whom men and women of all conditions were bound to take a lesson.

The sovereign, the statesman, the soldier, the woman of fashion, nay, the very priests who had performed the church service were bound to ask themselves whether the objects they pursued in life were worth striving after at the cost of such pangs as that martyr-bishop had undergone; and again they had to ask themselves whether there were any of the tortures among the many which he had endured which they would be content to suffer for the vindication of such opinions as they held. Possibly there were some statesmen present, turncoats; some generals, traitors *in posse*; some journalists, apostates; some ladies, hardened offend-

ers, who resented the bishop's moral superiority, and inwardly hoped that in his sermon he would commit some blunder which would "bring him to earth again," and prove that he was no genius and hardly a gentleman. But if so these people were *mistaken*. It is not easy to preach before a court, so many are the things that must be left unsaid, but Monseigneur de Garderoy acquitted himself of his duty better than any preacher had ever done before in that chapel.

He spoke from the text, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and having the work of the Church missions in view, he dwelt on the services which the propagation of the Christian faith was rendering to the world.

Taking that faith from its cradle he showed what it had done, and tried to prophesy what it would do. Then by rapid transitions (for he knew that he would bore his hearers if he spoke for more than half an hour) he came to the drama which had been enacted at Seijo, when women and children, almost babes, had died, confessing their Redeemer, and of these he gave a stirring picture. Of himself he said nothing except in this one sentence: "When my own turn came for being put to the proof, I felt how little I was beside those women and children." Thereupon a long murmur of sympathy ran round the chapel. It was felt that this man who had survived his tortures had really suffered much more than those who had succumbed under theirs; but Henri de Garderoy checked the outburst that was declaring itself in his favor by waving his hand and crying firmly: "God sends us no more sufferings than we can bear. The endurance of physical pain is a question of temperament, but the touchstone of courage is the willingness to die—to take that plunge into the dark abyss of eternity about which we know so little, but which yet frightens us all."

Thereon he concluded his sermon; and the collection bags that were sent round in aid of the Church missions were filled with bank-notes and gold.

The congregation broke up and filed into the apartments of the palace. Here the bishop presently appeared, led by one of the almoners in ordinary, to make his bow to the emperor before going away. Napoleon III., with the empress and the prince imperial by his side, approached the bishop and flung the collar of the Legion of Honor commandantship round his neck, then thrust his letters of appointment as Bishop of St. Cloud into his

hand, saying, "Monseigneur, we shall all remember your sermon."

The bishop bowed profoundly, but made no reply. Then he turned to leave, and the whole throng of statesmen, courtiers, and fair women bent low before him as he went out. If ever there was a man who could have tasted at that moment the full cup of bliss resulting from earthly triumphs it was Henri de Garderoy.

Yet a few hours later the bishop was sitting alone and miserably brooding in a small room of the Church Mission College in Paris. It was here that he intended to lodge during Lent whilst he delivered his sermons at Notre Dame. All the priests and neophytes in the college were ready to worship him as a living saint who would assuredly be canonized hereafter; but to one and all he showed a stern face and would tolerate no homage. He was sitting alone in his room, at seven, having supped off a crust of dry bread, when a young monk entered and announced that a lady wished to see him. At the same time he handed a card bearing the name of the "Baroness de Rosenheim."

"Show her into the chapel, and have the chapel lighted," said the bishop; and for a few minutes he stood resting his chin in his hands and meditating whilst a series of flashes, quick and wild, passed through his eyes and over his features.

Now had come the hour of his greatest triumph on earth, Angèle was going to kneel at his feet.

He doffed his black cassock and put on the richest ecclesiastical vestments which the college could afford—a surplice bordered with lace, a golden cope, an albe of satin embroidered with pearls, and a mitre. Then he descended to the chapel; and as he entered saw a woman lying prostrate, in deepest abasement, with her brow on the altar steps.

An hour later Angèle had made her full confession to Henri de Garderoy, and he lifted up his hands to give her episcopal absolution. Then of a sudden he took off his mitre and laid it at her feet, saying in a tone of unimaginable energy: "And now I have to make my confession to you, Angèle. Listen to me, and I will tell you what I have told no living creature before."

"No; you are going to accuse yourself falsely," cried Angèle, starting back in terror at the expression on his countenance; "tell me only the truth, Henri,

once and for all; let us have no secrets."

"There shall be no secrets," replied the bishop with an awful sob. "You think I am a martyr, Angèle, but in the hour of my trial my fortitude gave way, and I trampled on the cross! I wished to see you once again; I could not bear to die. Rigobert, the publican, let himself be killed; I, the bishop, recanted. I defiled the crucifix, and escaped with my life because my persecutors despised me. What do you say to that?"

"How you must have loved me!" exclaimed Angèle, thrilling all over.

"Yes, I did love you and do," murmured the bishop still on his knees; "but now tell me what I am to do, for I know not."

"Love me to the end," said Angèle, "but with a better and purer love than before. Love my children and husband, and remain among us to preach to us the sad trials of the weak, and the hopes that remain to them when they have been tried above their strength."

"I could have had no peace, Angèle," said the bishop with a despairing groan, "if I had thought that you continued to think of me as better than I am. Your husband is a nobler, honester man than I, and I wish you to feel it."

"I love you better than ever," answered Angèle, clasping her hands, "but our love can be that of a sister and brother. Is your conscience clear now?"

"Not yet, till I have confessed to the superior of the Franciscans, and to all others who have looked upon me as a hero. I must confess my infamy everywhere."

"No," replied Angèle ecstatically, "you must not cause scandal in the Church. You have confessed to me, let that be enough. So bear yourself in future that you shall have nothing more to confess. I give you absolution."

And the woman laid her forgiving hands on the head of the kneeling bishop.

From The Contemporary Review.  
LAW REFORM IN THE DAYS OF JUSTINIAN.\*

A CRITIC, in commenting upon the "Sea Dreams" of the poet laureate, said severely, "The howlings of a City clerk disappointed by a bad investment

\* *Joannes Lydus: Ex recognizione IMMANUELIS BEKKERI. Bonn, 1837.*

are not a fit subject for poetry." That critic would no doubt also hold that the howlings of a discontented chief registrar in the Prætorian Court of Constantinople in the sixth century after Christ, are beneath the notice of the Muse of History. But possibly a reviewer may be allowed to notice, and his readers may be willing to sympathize with, the sorrows of a thoroughly disappointed rhetorician, who climbed almost to the top of the tree of official promotion, to find that the fruit which grew at the top was only an apple of Sodom. We have generally associated the reign of Justinian with the thought of great and world-historical improvements in the law. It may amuse us to see how little that reign was enjoyed by one at least of the officials serving in the law courts. It may seem like the echo of familiar words when we find that then too, as in our days, the service, or the profession, or the office, was going to the dogs.

Joannes Laurentius, commonly known by the surname Lydus, was born at Philadelphia, in the province of Lydia, A.D. 490. Having received a good education according to the standard of these times, and being a fluent and facile Greek rhetorician, gifted also with an accomplishment which in the sixth century was becoming rare in the Roman Empire — a knowledge of the Latin language — he came up to Constantinople in the year 511, to try his fortune in the imperial capital.

Two great pathways of official promotion lay open at this time before a candidate for the civil service. One led through the *scrinia* (bureaux) presided over by the illustrious *master of the offices*; the other was that trodden by the *officium* (official retinue) of the equally illustrious *prætorian prefect*. Lydus decided upon the first course, and applied for admission into the important *scrinium memoriae*, whose business it was to prepare the minutes of the emperor's replies to the various petitions and questions which were addressed to him, minutes which in most cases formed the basis of the consequent decree.

While waiting his turn for admission into this bureau, the young aspirant attended the school of the philosopher Agapius, from whom he received systematic instruction in the method of Aristotle, together with some tincture of the philosophy of Plato. While he was thus engaged, fate, which, as he says, was determined to push him into the line of service which he had declined, brought a

fellow-townsman of his, named Zoticus, to place and power as *prætorian prefect*. Knowing the good-will which Zoticus bore to him, Lydus allowed himself to be enrolled among the short-hand writers (*excepores*) of the *prætorian prefect's court*, and thereby, as he afterwards discovered, lost his chance of valuable promotion.

At first his path was prosperous enough. Anastasius (491-518), "sweetest-tempered of sovereigns," ruled the State. Ammianus, the first cousin of Lydus, was already high up in the ranks of the *excepores*, and no doubt gave his relative a helping hand. An encomium which the latter wrote in honor of Zoticus gave so great satisfaction that his patron ordered that he should at once receive his reward in gold pieces, counted down upon the banquet table at the rate of an aureus (twelve shillings) a line. The encomium was unfortunately short, but from this and other sources Lydus succeeded in amassing (quite honestly as he assures us) a sum of one thousand aurei during the interval, little more than a year, that his friend Zoticus remained in office. Nor this alone: the combined exertions of his patron and his cousin procured for Lydus a bride whose dowry amounted to one hundred pounds weight of gold (£4,000), and who was superior to all women that ever were known in the propriety of her conduct. As to beauty, the contented husband observes a prudent silence.

In a very short time Lydus was promoted to the office of first *chartularius* in the court of the prefect. The manner of the promotion was even more flattering than the promotion itself; for he was expressly invited by the superior class of the *adjutores ab actis* to assume this position, and thus probably passed three or four steps of the official hierarchy at one bound. No such voluntary association of a *chartularius* from the ranks of the *excepores* had ever taken place before, except in the case of two men already advanced in years; and they had each of them to pay twenty-four aurei (£14 8s.) annually for the step which the young Lydus had obtained without purchase.

It now became his business to write the *suggestiones* (minutes of proceedings in the prefect's court) upon which the journals (*quotidiana*), and the more concise *personalia* were founded. The latter seem to have corresponded to the marginal notes of cases which are inserted in our law reports, but they were drawn up

with such minuteness that even if the decree of the court happened to be lost, the purport of it could be fully recovered from the *personale*.

At the time when Lydus entered upon public life it was essential that all these proceedings should be entered in Latin. The careful study which the young Philadelphian had bestowed on the writings of the great masters of the imperial language — a study his real fondness for which is evidenced by his frequent remarks, sometimes right, sometimes ludicrously wrong, as to the derivation of Latin words — now served him in good stead. It was probably in order to hide their own deficiencies in this respect that his seniors, the *adjutores ab actis*, so eagerly associated him with themselves as their *chartularius*.

By good fortune, a case in which Lydus was engaged as reporter was brought before the Senate on appeal. The task of reporting senatorial decisions had long been recognized as one of exceptional difficulty, doubtless because in so large an assembly of judges there would be less of finished oratory than in the prefect's court, and more of that rapid interchange of conversational discussion which has always been the terror of reporters. However, the young *chartularius* surmounted all these difficulties, and produced at the close of the trial a minute (*suggestio*) so ably worded that, he assures us, the *quaestor* of the senate and his copying clerks were struck dumb with amazement.

"By God's help, and from the abundance of fees now flowing in upon me, which made the severest labor seem but as a trifle," he was now enabled to assume, in addition to his other duties, those of "short-hand writer in the enclosure of justice which is called the *secretum*," where he reaped glory and *sotlatia* of a pecuniary kind in abundance. Thence he took a higher flight, and pushed his way into "the rank of those who are called *a secretis* to the court" (of the emperor). It is not easy to discover the precise nature of the two additional steps thus gained by Lydus, but in both designations we see the germ of a title very familiar to our ears, and covering a wide range of official life, that of *secretary*.

Now occurred that change in the young adventurer's life to which reference has already been made — his marriage with the wealthy and well-behaved heiress provided for him by Zoticus; and from this time it is clear that the insatiable thirst

for work, of which he speaks so complacently, suffered some abatement. First of all, he says, believing that much greater success was in store for him in the future, he refrained from pushing his fortune at court, and devoted all his energies to his official duties. Then when he saw the commonwealth begin to decay around him, and found fortune no longer favoring, as she had once done, the literary servants of the State, he conceived a disgust for official life, and gave himself wholly to his books. Yet he still retained his nominal connection with the service, and sometimes consoled himself for the loss of fees and *sotlatia* by the reflection that he might one day arrive by seniority at the post of *cornicularius*, and would then be indemnified for all his present disappointments.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding his professed indifference to courts, his voice was sometimes heard uplifted in eloquent laudation of the powers that be. He was selected to pronounce a panegyric on the emperor Justinian (who ascended the throne A.D. 527); and here again his familiarity with the Latin tongue was doubtless the cause of the distinction with which he was favored, since he tells us that he "had to speak in the presence of certain nobles of the greater Rome," who were present by chance at Constantinople (fugitives, probably, from the outburst of anger against the Catholics which marked the last years of Theodoric), and that he thus made proof of that interest in literature which the refined Romans always exhibited, even in the midst of their distresses.

The new emperor also ordered the young notary to compose a history of his successful wars against the Persians — an order, however, which he seems to have disregarded, possibly because he knew that the pen of the far abler Procopius was engaged upon the task.

About this time a *pragmaticum*, which spoke of Lydus in very flattering terms, was addressed by the emperor to the *praetorian prefect*.

John the learned [said the important document] hath made proof before us of his skill in oratory, his accuracy in grammar, his grace in poetry, and his erudition in other departments of knowledge; and his desire is that he may make the language of the Romans yet more venerable by his labors. With this object, though he rightly pursues his career of service in the halls of justice presided over by your Excellency, he wishes along therewith to lead a bookish life, and to devote himself en-

tirely to rhetoric. Since, therefore, we deem it unworthy of our times to leave so admirable a person unrewarded, we command your Excellency to make provision out of the public funds for the accomplishment of his desires. And let this most clever person know that we will not stop even here, but will honor him with yet higher and nobler rewards, thinking it unreasonable that such fluency of diction as he posseseth should receive no better recompence than we are now giving, and trusting that he will communicate to a large circle of pupils the gift wherewith he is himself endowed.

So ran the stately *pragmaticum*, from the name of which we learn that it was a letter drawn up by the emperor himself. The Pragmatic Sanction by which the emperor of Germany sought to secure to Maria Theresa the succession to the Hapsburg kingdoms and archduchies, is an eighteenth-century representation of the same class of documents to which belonged the letter of Justinian constituting the learned John a professor of rhetoric in the hall of the Capitol at Constantinople.

Scarcely marking the flight of time, Lydus went through the successive grades of the service till he reached the close. As far as gain was concerned, he might almost as well not have been in the service; but he received honor and respect from those in power (except in one memorable instance, when John of Cappadocia was his official superior), and what was sweetest of all, his life slipped by in tranquillity. After forty years of service, on the occasion of his laying aside the belt of office and passing on into the *aula* of the emperor, he received a most gratifying testimonial\* from Hephaestus, the praetorian prefect, who was himself an excellent man, and one whose very name showed his noble descent ("for does not Diodorus," says Lydus, with simplicity, "tell us that Hephaestus was the first king of Egypt?"). This prefect rose up to meet the superannuated official, graciously returned his salutation, put into his hands an order for a share in the public corn distribution (*annona*), and then made a speech praising the learning of Lydus, his influence over his pupils, his excellence of character, and predicting the higher rewards which awaited him under "our great and learning-loving emperor." In this speech he was saluted, probably for the first time, with the epithet "*clarissimus*" (*λαμπτότατος*).

\* Probably one of the *codicilli honorarii* frequently mentioned in the Theodosian Code.

And so, about A.D. 552, when a little over sixty, he retired from official life, and returned—if he could be said to return to what he had never quitted—to his books.

But how about the official emoluments?—how, especially, as to the wealth which should have flowed in upon him during his last year of office, when he was holding the long-waited-for post of *cornicularius*? All this prospect had utterly failed him. From one source alone, the fees paid by fresh candidates (more than one thousand in number) entering the civil service as *exemptores*, he should have received at least one thousand aurei (£600), whereas he solemnly assures us not one exceptor entered the service during the whole of his year of office, and he did not receive, apparently from all official sources together, enough to provide himself with one day's rations.

But Lydus, as he repeatedly tells us, had not looked to office, but to literature, as the main support and glory of his life. He had elected to be great as a professor of rhetoric rather than successful as a registrar in the law courts. Why, then, these lamentations over the failure of his official career? One may conjecture that the rewards which Hephaestus had prophesied of as likely to be showered upon him by "the learning-loving emperor" were slow in coming, campaigns in Africa, in Italy, and in Spain having exhausted the resources of Justinian; and therefore that Lydus—who, to use a common expression, saw himself in danger of slipping between two stools—thought fit to remind his superiors that neither the professor nor the ex-*cornicularius* had yet received the emoluments which, in either capacity, he had a right to expect.

With this view, probably, he composed his treatise "*De Magistratibus*," which we shall now proceed to consider, for with the life of Lydus we have no further concern, ignorant as we are of the effect of his book upon his subsequent fortunes and of all particulars of his old age and death.\*

\* The other two treatises of Lydus, and those by which alone, till the beginning of this century, he was known, are the "*De Mensibus*" and the "*De Osteris*." The "*De Mensibus*," a treatise on the Roman Calendar, partly on the same lines as the "*Fasti*" of Ovid, has in it a great deal of its author's curious irregular archaeological learning and many extracts from Latin authors on the antiquities of Rome who are now lost to us. The "*De Osteris*" gives explanations of the events portended by various astrological combinations (e.g., "The moon in Cancer: if the moon is dark, a foreign army will come into the emperor's dominions. The moon in Libra: if the heavens be dark in the sec-

The treatise consists of three books, the last of which ends abruptly in the middle of one of its most interesting passages. In the First Book the author gives a sketch of the institutions of Rome under the kings and during the republican period. The dresses of the kings, the senators, and the consuls, the relation of patron and client, the offices of *quaestor*, *consul*, *decemvir*, prefect of the city, military tribune, dictator, master of the horse, *praetor*, *censor*, and *tribune*, are described, and the constitution of the legion is portrayed. From a perusal of this book it is easy to see how little real grasp even a learned Byzantine had of the true meaning of the history of republican Rome. There is a prodigality of learning, but it is all crude and undigested; the chronological abstract at the beginning of the book states not one period correctly; the list of dictators is both imperfect and inaccurate; the descriptions of civil offices are so meagre or distorted, that were Lydus our only guide, we should hardly be able to form the slightest notion of the censorship, the *decemvirate*, or the *tribunate*. Still, even in this part of his treatise it is clear that Lydus used, though in a wholly uncritical spirit, so many valuable treatises, now lost to us, on the constitution and antiquities of Rome, that there may be many grains of gold hidden under his rubbish; and, while it would not be safe to found any statement as to the institutions of the republic on his unsupported testimony, it may be well to keep any such statement which we cannot prove to be false as a memorandum for further inquiry. Interspersed with the statements as to constitutional history, we find some curious remarks on points of philological and social interest. Lydus evidently took a keen interest in tracing

ond watch of the night, the cities of the West will be reduced to servitude"). Another portion tells the reader what to expect according to each day in the year in which thunder is heard in the sky (e.g., "19th June: if it thunders, animals hurtful to the crops will perish. 20th June: if it thunders, it forbodes dissensions among the people. 23rd July: if it thunders, the dissensions of the people will come to an end. 24th July: if it thunders, it shows a mighty calamity impending over some great man;" and so on). Both these works are in a fragmentary condition.

The "*De Magistribus*" exists only in a MS. (Codex *Cæsolinus*) discovered by De Choiseul, ambassador from the court of Paris to that of Constantinople in 1785, and published (with a Latin translation by Dominich Fuss) at Paris in 1812; republished in the Bonn edition of the Byzantine historians, 1837. This book would well repay the care of a painstaking editor, who should illustrate it by copious references to the *Notitia*, the *Codes*, and the letters of *Symmachus* and *Cassiodorus*, doing for it, in fact, the same work which Godefroy has done so excellently for the *Theodosian Code*.

what are now called "survivals," whether in language or in manners, though his knowledge was not always equal to his enthusiasm. In a long digression as to the names of the Romans, side by side with many correct derivations, he refers *Gaius* to *gaudium*, and tells us that *Appius* meant "one born beside the famous Appian Road"—a strange inversion of the facts. When he remarks that *Nero* meant "strong" in the Sabine language, and that *Varro* in the Phænician tongue signified "a Jew," and in that of the Celts "a brave man," we feel that the whole value of his statements depends on the authority on which he makes them.\*

Some at least of his etymological facts or fancies are the coinage of his own brain, for, as he says, with a touch of self-satisfaction, at the end of his chapter on names, "A man of leisure, who had the good fortune to lead an unharassed life, might no doubt collect many more instances of the same kind, since I, with my dull wits immersed in ten thousand other cares, have been able to do something at this trifling pursuit."

In the Second Book, after a short and interesting account of the office of the emperor, and the various dresses worn by him in peace and in war, at feasts and in the Senate-house, Lydus hastens on to that which is the main subject of his whole treatise, "the first of magistracies," the *praetorian prefecture* :—

This illustrious office, which yields in dignity only to the imperial sceptre, may be traced by certain indications out of that shadow of original obscurity into which it has now almost returned. For we may sometimes best learn the greatness of human affairs by tracing the history of their decline. And terrible is the might of time to devour and to destroy all things which partake of growth and of decay. But so great is the virtue of the emperor that he can give a new birth even to institutions which have already utterly perished.

This hint as to the recreating power of the emperor, inserted in a book of which he elsewhere says (i. 15), "Having myself served among the subordinates of the *praetorian prefect*, I bring this treatise as a thank-offering, which I hope will be an acceptable one, to my superiors in the office," seems to show that Lydus wished to bring the fallen estate of this great minister, as well as his own private and pecuniary disappointment, under the notice of the emperor for redress and restoration.

\* The curious remark about the meaning of *Varro* is made on the authority of *Herennius*.

One fact in the history of the prætorian prefect's office on which our author often insists is, that he represented an old republican dignity, holding to his imperial master exactly the same relation which, from the battle of Lake Regillus onwards, the master of the horse held towards the dictator. When he tries to buttress this conclusion by a derivation which is not even plausible except in Greek (*βαρύκος*, prefect, from *τηναρχος*, master of the horse), we know that the argument is unsound; but the conclusion, though not fully accepted, appears to be not absolutely rejected by scholars, and it is certainly an interesting suggestion that this grand vizier of imperial Rome, this awful *alter ego* of the Augustus, the mediator between the emperor and the Senate, may have been the official descendant of "stout Aebutius Elva, the master of the knights."

Like other authors who have examined into the subject, Lydus is perplexed by the question of the true form of the name of this great official. Should he be called *præfector prætorio* (prefect of the palace), or *præfector prætoriis* (prefect of the Prætorian Guard)? Our author inclines to the latter opinion, as it is an admitted fact that it was by virtue of his command over these haughty janissaries, the Prætorians, that the prefect reacquired his enormous power in the State. But he says that in the camp itself he was generally called *præfector prætorio*, and that in Rome he went by the name of *præfector Caesaris*, as being second in command to Caesar (ii. 6).

Notwithstanding his many lamentations over its departure, Lydus does not give us much information concerning the golden age of the prefectorial office in the first and second centuries of our era. He does not throw much light on the singular process by which a post in itself purely military, became the greatest judicial office in the empire, nor greatly help us to understand the position of a learned legist like Ulpian administering justice to the whole civilized world while nominally captain of the Imperial Guard. But some hints as to externals he does give which freshen the colors of the faded picture. The dress of the prefect was but little varied from that of the master of the horse, of whom he was the representative. He wore a *mandye* or woollen cloak, dyed with the purple of Cos, "which is deeper than the flame-colored dye of Parthia." This cloak for the prefect reached only down to the knees, while the corresponding garment worn by the emperor came

down to the feet; and there was another difference in the patches of gold brocade with which they were embroidered.\* Under the *mandye* he wore a *paragauda*, or purple tunic fastened by a belt of purple leather, having on the left side a golden crescent, on the right a golden ornament fashioned like a cluster of grapes. The crescent and the grape-cluster fitted into one another, and held the belt securely, forming a brooch, "which the Romans called *fibula*."

The insignia of the prætorian prefect's office were the chariot, "such as we all know it;" the golden pen-case (*calamarium*), one hundred pounds in weight; the silver inkstand (*calyculus*); the two silver bowls (*cantharus* and *crater*) apparently destined for the reception of papers in the cause which was being tried before him.† Furthermore, his three official yachts, *barca* (the express-boat), *celox* (*velox*), and *sarcinarius* (the last of which was meant to carry the ample baggage of himself and his retinue), announced to all the provincials, when hailed from afar, the approaching presence of the great *præfector prætorio*.

To mark the originally military character of his office, he from its first establishment wore ever a sword by his side, "as any one who is a lover of antiquarian pursuits may see by crossing over to Chalcedon and looking at the statue of the prefect *Philippus*" (prætorian prefect A.D. 340). Thus girded and arrayed in *mandye* and *paragauda* he went down to the Senate, which under the Lower Empire met no longer in the Senate-house, but in the imperial palace. When he entered, the highest officers of the army rose from their seats, went forward and fell on their knees before him. In order to mark his deference for the military power which they represented, he was wont to return this respectful salutation with a kiss. Even the emperor himself, on the days when he was present, used to go forth from his palace on foot to meet the approaching prefect. They then together entered the Assembly; a strict watch was kept before its doors, and no inferior functionary was permitted to enter it after these two great personages nor to leave it before them. Such was the imperial etiquette down to the close of the fourth century. Then, when the Eastern throne was ascended by the little Theodosius

\* The emperor had *segmenta* on his dress, the prefect only *ravulæ* (possibly *tabule*).

† Some of these insignia are figured in the curious pictures included in the *Notitia Utriusque Imperii*.

II., a child of seven years old, unfit to go forth and meet the prefect, and incapable of sitting through the long deliberations of the Senate, the custom was introduced of bringing in his picture to the Senate-chamber, as if to greet his great subordinate. And from this time onward, apparently, the personal presence of the emperor in the Senate-house ceased.

So far Lydus has been describing the majesty of "the office" — as he always calls the *prætorian prefecture* — in its high and palmy days, or at least the vestiges of that majesty which still survived to give it outward importance after real power had departed from it. We have now to hear him describe the steps of the downward course which led to this result, — a decline which commenced in the fourth century under Constantine, continued in the fifth under the grandson of Theodosius, and became headlong ruin in the sixth under Justinian. The office which, as he says, had once been a political Oceanus, feeding all the lesser seas and rivers of the subordinate magistracies, now became a dry and barren channel. "That fine old piece of family plate, on the decline of the fortunes of its possessors, was melted down, that all kinds of modern and tasteless gimcracks [the new offices of State] might be fashioned out of it."

Even here, however, Lydus is far from appreciating all the causes which led to the result which he correctly enough describes, and we have again to eke out his imperfect and one-sided statements from what we know from other sources of the changes in the imperial system after the foundation of Constantinople. He rightly attributes the first serious diminution in the power of the *prætorian prefect* to Constantine the Great; but he says that the cause of it was his removal of the troops which guarded the Danube frontier to Lower Asia, the consequent loss of the rich provinces of Scythia and Moesia, which were overrun by the barbarians, and the necessity of laying a vastly heavier taxation on the inhabitants of the East, with the result of turning the *prætorian prefect* into a mere tax-collecting official, the *præfectus Orientis*. For this purpose, Constantine placed the troops which had before been commanded by the *prætorian prefect* under the orders of the *magister militiæ*.

All this is an absurd inversion of the true facts of the case. There may have been some disposition on Constantine's part to pamper the troops to whom he

owed so much, by withdrawing them from the fatigues of frontier duty and placing them in the luxurious cities of the East. Zosimus makes the same charge against him, and we are not in a position to deny its truth; but we certainly can deny that he lost to the empire the rich tributes of Scythia and Moesia, since those provinces did not suffer seriously from barbarian invasion for more than thirty years after his death. But what Constantine did accomplish — and it was a great service to the State — was to suppress the *Prætorian cohorts*, those demoralized imperial household troops, whose insolence, whose avarice, and whose insubordination had over and over again brought the empire to the verge of ruin.

When the *Prætorian Guard* had disappeared, the prefect of the *Prætorians* had no longer any reason for existence, and should, perhaps — if politics were always logical — have disappeared also. But important judicial attributes, as we have seen, had gathered round the office, which was in fact the highest court of appeal under the emperor, and which could not be appealed against, even to the emperor himself. Acting upon the cardinal principle of his statecraft, the separation of the military functions from the civil, Constantine left the *prætorian prefect* a judge and an administrator, but forbade him to be any longer a general. The high command which he had once probably held, not over the *Prætorians* only, but over all the forces of the empire, was now taken from him, and vested, as Lydus truly says, in the master of the infantry and the master of the cavalry, whose offices were sometimes united in the person of the all-powerful *magister utriusque militiæ*.

At the same time — rather perhaps from accident than design — the powers of the *prætorian prefect* were geographically circumscribed, and the number of persons holding the office was augmented. Under the earlier emperors, for some unexplained reason, there had been generally two and sometimes three *prætorian prefects*; but now, after the remodelling of the empire of Diocletian and Constantine, there were always four — one for "the Gauls," one for Italy and Africa, one for Illyricum, and one for the East. Had Diocletian's grand scheme of a fourfold empire endured, this multiplication of the number of the prefects might not have produced any very important results on the dignity of the office, since each *Augustus* and each *Cæsar* would have had his own *prætorian prefect* attached to his court. But

in the various changes and struggles of the fourth and fifth centuries this ideal number of four emperors was scarcely ever preserved. Constantine, Constantius, Julian, Theodosius, each, for a longer or shorter period, ruled as sole emperor. Twice for long spaces of time there were three emperors; but the most usual number, as every one knows, during the last century of the empire, was two. The natural effect of these altered circumstances was to weaken the tie between the emperor and the prefect. Take, for instance, the Eastern Empire. The praetorian prefects of Illyricum and of the East would become great provincial governors, ruling, it is true, over territories equal in extent to two or three European kingdoms, but still provincial, and not forming part of the central staff, nor in immediate contact with the "sacred" person of the emperor.

On that staff there was one newly created functionary — one of the modern gimcracks, to use the simile of Lydus, fashioned out of the fine old piece of family plate — who was ready and eager to absorb all such radiance as might be lost from the office of the praetorian prefect. The *master of the offices* was now practically the greatest courtier in the audience-chamber of the sovereign, the commander of the armed servants of the palace (ten thousand in number),\* the introducer of embassies, the receiver of petitions, the inspector of arsenals — in short, the useful "man of business" of an indolent, purple-born emperor. He had at his bidding the host of clerks employed in the four great *scrinia* (bureaux) — the *scrinium memoriae*, *scrinium epistolarum*, *scrinium libellorum*, and *scrinium dispositionum*. These *scrinia* formed, in fact, the bulk of what we should call the central civil service of the empire. But in addition to these there was the large and busy *schola* of the *agentes in rebus* (more than eleven hundred in number), men whose business it was to travel up and down through the Empire, carrying the missions of the sovereign and enforcing obedience to his will, but who, as a class, soon earned for themselves a hateful celebrity on account of the plunder which their corrupt rapacity was ever extorting from their fellow-subjects.† These agen-

tes — who, in their many peregrinations through the provinces, doubtless had the name of their chief, the illustrious master of the offices, perpetually on their tongues — were called, apparently in derision, *magistriani* (master's men). Lydus speaks with great bitterness of the supercession of the *singulares*,\* the useful and efficient travelling officials attached to the prefecture and other provincial magistracies, by "the pompous fussiness of the so-called *magistriani*."† But no doubt they and their sedentary brethren, the *scrinarii*, were two powerful buttresses to the new and domineering fabric of magisterial power.

All through the fourth and fifth centuries the decline of the praetorian prefect's power, and the aggrandizement of the master's, went forward. It will be remembered that Lydus himself had at first thought of taking service under the latter functionary, and by personal inducements was swayed to the side of the former. He thus undoubtedly, as we should say, "invested in the wrong stock," and he seems to take a melancholy pleasure in tracing the causes which depressed the value of his holding. First — but this was long before his time — came the withdrawal from the prefect of all military power, which went to swell the increasing importance of the counts, dukes, and other military officers created by Constantine. "For magnificent edifices," as he truly says, perhaps with an allusion to a process which had then been going on for more than a century at Rome, "when they are falling into ruin suffice as building materials for many depredators." The process was further aided by a law of Theodosius, who, foreseeing the inefficiency of his own sons, forbade future emperors to conduct a campaign in person. If the praetorian prefect had already lost all military command, one does not at first see how he was affected by this innovation; but probably the result was to fix the Eastern emperor more immovably at Constantinople, preventing the military journeys which had been undertaken by a Julian, a Theodosius, and even a Valens; and thus, while increasing the power of the central administration — especially that of the

rium ut aurum acciperent, inter alios quidam ex eorum consortio non ut moris est pānsā chlamyde, sed utrāque manu cāvata suscepit. Et imperator 'rasper' inquit 'non accipere scīunt agentes in rebus.'"

\* In the Notitia sometimes called *singularii*.  
† Literally, the "pomp-bundle-wordiness" (*ἡ τῶν λεγομένων μαγιστριανῶν κομπορακελλορρημούσιν* — iii. 7). Lydus has to borrow a word from Aristophanes to express his indignation.

\* II. 24. Procopius seems to put these same troops at a much lower figure, 3,500 men (Hist. Arcana, 24).

† That the rapacity of the *agentes in rebus* had passed into a proverb is shown by the saying of Julian, recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus, xvi. 5, 11: "Inductis quadam sollemitate agentibus in rebus in consisto-

dreaded *magister officiorum* — to depress that of all provincial governors, the *prætorian* prefect at their head.

Further changes followed. First, the charge of the armor factories (*fabricæ*), and then that of the postal service (*publicus cursus*), were transferred from the prefect to the master. The latter, however, was in some measure restored to him on account of the obvious inconvenience which arose from the horses being ordered by the master while their corn was paid for by the prefect, of whose duties provincial finance now formed the largest portion.

How the power of the prefect as a great judge of appeal fell away during this period, and especially in the sixth century, it is not easy to understand from a hysterical author like Lydus, who gives us "the tears of Peleus" when we desire a coherent statement of the connection between cause and effect: but it is clear that it did so fall away, and the change may have been an important stage in the transition from the Roman to that which, for convenience' sake, we call the Byzantine Empire.

Once, our author tells us, all "sacred causes" (that is, appeals to the sacred majesty of the emperor), were in order to relieve the sovereign, who was over-worked by the litigiousness of his subjects, heard by the prefect in his *prætorium*. That, as Lydus says with proud regret, was something like a court of justice. There sat the white-robed prefect on his tribunal, his train of subordinates ranged around him, each in his various degree — a well-ordered hierarchy; and even the appellant and respondent arrayed in splendid robes. Silence reigned throughout the stately judgment-hall till the orators, the most illustrious of their profession, dressed in festal robes, stood up to plead their cause. In the middle of the hall stood a tripod, and on the tripod the water-clock,\* and in order to mark yet more impressively the flight of time, at the end of each hour an usher (*sub-adjuva*) suddenly strode forth before the other officials, and with emphatic gesture dashed down upon the marble pavement a silver disk of no small price, upon which the hour of the day was engraved "in the words and the figures of Italy."

When the cause was finished and judgment pronounced, the decision of the prefect having been sealed by the *scheda-*

*rius*, subscribed by the *cancellarius*, and solemnly read aloud by the *secretarii*, an abstract of it was drawn up by these latter officials in the Latin tongue. Then the *adjutores* endorsed on the original petition in fair [uncial?] characters, which seemed as it were swelling with their own importance, and the sight whereof struck reverence into the heart of the beholder, a copy of the decree and the name of the officer to whom its execution was entrusted.

"Now," laments Lydus, "all this is changed." The magistrate no longer sat on the tribunal, but, as often as not, administered justice in a bed-chamber of his palace. There was no decorum in the court, the spectators stood round talking and laughing, as if they were at a comedy. No clepsydra marked the flight of time, no grave officials surrounded their chief; in fact, so degraded and almost menial had the service of the courts become, that men of good position and education were now unwilling to enter upon it as a career. Even paper was no longer provided by the impoverished treasury, much less fair parchments as in old times. You would now see the officials actually begging for scraps of paper from the suitors, or else eking out a miserable subsistence by selling, for a paltry sum, paper which looked as if it was made of grass,\* upon which they wrote the prefect's decision in characters mean of aspect, and that seemed, so to speak, "smelling of poverty."

Although the professed advocate of the prefecture, Lydus admits and insists that the decline and fall of this great office was accelerated by the evil characters of many of its holders. Among these he mentions particularly Rufinus, the avaricious minister of Arcadius (A.D. 395); and as there has recently been a disposition to argue that history has dealt too hardly with this man in accepting the portrait of him painted by Claudian, the flatterer of his great rival Stilicho, it is interesting to observe that in the time of Lydus, nearly two centuries after the death of Rufinus, he was still spoken of proverbially as "the insatiable" (*ὁ ἀκόπετος*), and accused of having "meditated tyranny, in which aim, fortunately for the State, he was foiled, but he was only too successful in dragging down his office into the gulf."

Some other oppressive prefects are enumerated by Lydus, but his bitterest invective is reserved for John of Capadoccia, twice Prætorian prefect under

\* He does not call it "clepsydra," but "cantharus."

\* χόρτον ἀντὶ χάρτου γράμμασι φάλοις καὶ πενίαις ὅσουσιν ἐκδίδοντι (iii. 14).

Justinian, of whose character a striking picture is drawn in the pages of Gibbon.\* It was indeed objected to our author by the erudite Photius (patriarch of Constantinople, 857-869) that "he wrote with too great flattery of the living, but with too great acrimony on the dead, and of those who had fallen into disgrace;" and our own impressions, derived from the perusal of his alternate adulation and invective, entirely coincide with this censure. But all other testimony seems to converge so clearly towards the same point, that the thorough rascality of John of Cappadocia, and the disastrous effect of his administration on the empire of Justinian, that we may with some confidence present to the reader the sketch drawn by his Lydian namesake of an unscrupulous minister at Constantinople in the sixth century after Christ.

John was born at Mazaca, a town situated on one of the affluents of the Euphrates, which under its modern name, Kazaria, still preserves the remembrance of the designation (Cæsarea) bestowed upon it by Tiberius Cæsar when he lured the aged king of Cappadocia to Rome and reduced his kingdom into a province of the empire. The Cappadocians, after five centuries of incorporation with the empire, were not popular with their fellow-subjects, and it was generally considered that official advancement brought out the worst features of their characters. An epigram about them said:—

All Cappadocia's sons are evil men:  
The belt of office turns the bad to worse.  
The hope of gains unjust that fires them then  
Of worse makes worst, a hapless empire's curse.  
But if the Cappadocian twice hath sate,  
Or thrice in the great prefect's car of power,  
Worst of the worst is he, the magistrate  
Blooms into deeper vileness every hour." †

Notwithstanding this sinister reputation, John, upon his arrival at Constantinople, was promptly enrolled as a *scrinarius* in the official retinue of the *magister militum*, or, as we should say, became one of the clerks in the War Office.‡ Skilfully improving such opportunities as he

\* Not, however, from materials furnished by Lydus; the MS. of the "De *Magistris*" having come to light since Gibbon's death.

† Καππαδοκαὶ φαῦλοι μὲν ἀεὶ, ζῶντες δὲ τυχόντες φαῦλότεροι, κέρδος δὲ εἰνεκα φαῦλότεροι.

ἡν δ' ἄρα διὰ καὶ τρις μεγάλης δριξώνται ἀπήντη δῆρα τότε εἰς ἄρα φαῦλεπφαῦλότεροι (iii. 57).

‡ τοῖς τῆς στρατηγίδος ἀρχῆς ὀκρυπαρίουσιν ὑδρομύενος: probably one of the officium of the illustrious *magister militum praesentalis* (see *Notitia Orientis*, cap. v.).

had of approaching the presence of the emperor, and holding out wonderful promises of the great services which he would render to the State, he was advanced to the office of accountant (*logothetes*). As such he would be at most a *clarissimus*, a member of the third rank of the official hierarchy, but now, at a bound, passing over the heads of all the *spectabiles*, he became an *illustris*—in modern phraseology, a cabinet minister—and blazed forth before the citizens of Constantinople in all the glory of *prætorian* prefect (A.D. 530).

Of the ostensible policy of his administration Lydus tells us little or nothing, but he gives us a string of painful anecdotes, from which we can discern that John shrank from no measures, however harsh, which might help him to replenish the coffers of Justinian, and his own. The rack and the cord were incessantly plied in the darkened chambers of the Hall of Justice: chains and the stocks were the portion of every citizen who was reputed wealthy. An old man named Antiochus was denounced to the oppressor as owner of a secret store of gold. Strong cords were tied round his wrists, and he was hung up by them. Still he refused to reveal his treasures: at length the cords were untied, and he was liberated—a corpse. Lydus, who knew the old man well, was himself witness of this atrocity.

An artist in cruelty, like any other artist, soon forms a school, and the Cappadocian found an imitator and an instrument in a wretch whom Lydus nicknames John Baggy-cheek (*Μαξιλλοπομάκος*). This Cerberus, this infernal demon, this Phalaris, says our author, was let loose upon the fair fields of Lydia, wasting, plundering, ravishing, and all with the great title of "the prefect" forever in his mouth. Not a household but mourned the theft of its vessels of silver and the dishonor of its maidens. Philadelphia, my Philadelphia, was so impoverished, not in money only, but in men, that there is no hope of its ever reverting to its former prosperity."

A certain Petronius, a man of culture and eminence, possessed some valuable jewels which he had inherited from his ancestors. When he refused to surrender these, "the Cyclops" had him stripped, beaten with rods by barbarians, and then shut up in a stable full of mules. The city was deeply stirred at this treatment of one of its most honored inhabitants, and the bishop, with the sacrament in his

hand, hastened to the governor to move him to mercy. But he of the baggy-cheeks, unawed, unsoftened, answered the bishop with such words of filthy abuse as are generally heard only in the most degraded haunts of vice. The bishop burst into tears, more for the dishonor done to the sacred elements than for the insolence to himself; and Petronius, seeing into what hands he had fallen, sent for the jewels and all his money from his house, and cast them into "the cave of the Cyclops." Quite unmoved, the governor took the jewels for himself, and with grim generosity bestowed the gold pieces on the officers of justice as a *douceur* (*sportula*) from Petronius in return for their kind attentions.

The next crime of "the Cerberus" was even more atrocious. There was a certain Proclus, a discharged veteran, upon whom John of the cheeks made a demand for twenty aurei (L12). As the poor man did not and could not pay, he "blunted all his instruments of despair upon the nerves of his victim." In his misery Proclus resolved on suicide, but not even by the door of death was it easy to escape from an imperial tax-gatherer. He called for his torturers, and said, "I will give you the aurei if you will come with me to a certain tavern." Arrived there, while his guards waited before the doors, he went inside on pretence of searching for his concealed treasure. In reality, however, he slipped his neck into a noose and hanged himself. After long waiting the guards burst in, and when they found the dead body of Proclus hanging, in their rage and disappointment they cast it out unburied into the Forum, and then proceeded to the sequestration of his few possessions, not reserving out of them even a trifle for the burial of their victim.

Side by side with grinding extortion from the people, there was the usual phenomenon of an Oriental despotism — wild extravagance in the ruler. Lydus is, of course, too good a courtier to hint at the emperor's own share in this profusion. But Justinian, though extravagant, was extravagant in a decorous and stately fashion — in a fashion which seemed to add lustre to the life of the State; whereas John of Cappadocia — if there is any truth in the picture here drawn of him — wallowed in mere animal self-indulgence, and wasted the gold which represented the blood and the tears of millions on pleasures as gross and sensual as were ever dreamed of by a fortunate digger at Ballarat.

About fifty years before he appeared upon the scene, the praetorian prefect Constantine, a man of great worth and liberality, had built the first palace of the prefect, which he named Leonis (after the then reigning emperor.) In this palace the Hall of Judgment was a noble room, adorned with a mosaic picture of Constantine's installation. The dwelling-house attached to it was on a moderate scale, and, destined as it was for the highest magistrate under the emperor, well expressed the unluxurious character of the times.\* A generation later, Sergius, a sophist and orator, who had risen from the bar to the judgment-seat, added a spacious upper story to this modest abode, and introduced into it many of the appliances of modern luxury, "not foreseeing — such is the blindness of man to the future consequences of his actions — that he was but preparing a den for the wild beast from Cappadocia to raven in."

Here, in the upper story, dwelt in indescribable filth and sensuality, surrounded by men and women of the vilest character, the praetorian prefect of the East. The lower floor, which was once deemed sufficient for the magistrate himself, was now abandoned to his troops of servants. The bath was turned into a stable, and a new one, "to which water, contrary to its nature, was forced to ascend, was built high in air." Land and sea were ransacked to provide fresh dainties for the palate of this new Vitellius, † whose very cooks became great personages of State, and whose slaves, gorged with a share of his ill-gotten wealth, received honors which senators sighed for in vain. The man who turned his slaves into senators was not likely to scruple at turning civil servants into slaves. While John, surrounded by buffoons and prostitutes, was carousing on his disgusting debaucheries in the upper story of the palace, and administering what he called justice in the same apartments, grave and reverend members of his official staff were obliged to watch,

\* οὗτος ἦν παρὰ τοῖς παλαιοτέροις τὰ τῆς τρυφῆς ἡμελημένα, οἱ μόνης ἀπέλανον τῆς τῶν ὑποτελῶν ἐνθυμίας (ii. 20).

† Privatus illis census erat brevis,  
Commune magnum."

† Lydus represents the shellfish as flying through the air to escape the all-devouring maw of the Cappadocian. οὐκ αἰσθανθεὶς τοῖς κτένεσ, ὡς τῇ κατὰ φύσιν ἐκ τόπου εἰς τόπον πῆσει καταπιεύνοντας εντούτῳ, ἀλλ' εἰς ὑπέρ τοῖς βοτρύκοις ὥστε πτέρωξι χρωμένον, δοκεῖ ἐκκένειν τὴν Καππαδοκῶν ὕδη-φαγαν (iii. 62). Such was Byzantine rhetoric in the sixth century.

like base menials, at the door of his bed-chamber. A hard fate certainly for the Lydian John (who evidently speaks here of bitter humiliations personally endured) to have to act the hall-porter at the door of his Cappadocian inferior; for him, the husband of an heiress, the rhetorician and the scholar, whose head was full of a hundred derivations of Latin names unknown to the vulgar, to be ordered about as a household drudge by a man "whose style," even in Greek, "was scarcely legible."\*

Yet with all the vices of John of Cappadocia—and no doubt he was a profigate and selfish scoundrel—there was probably some rough vigor of intellect which recommended him to so great a judge of character as the emperor Justinian. One measure of which Lydus bitterly complains, and which deprived him of his chief source of fame and profit, was probably dictated by statesmanlike common sense. We allude to the substitution of Greek for Latin in the proceedings of the court of the Eastern Empire. The custom of old, says Lydus, was that all affairs relating to the European provinces should be treated of in the tongue of the Italians, although the great majority of the inhabitants were Greeks by birth.† And an alleged prophecy of Romulus had been preserved by the archaeologist Fonteius to the effect that fortune should cleave to the Roman nation till such time as they should be found forgetful of the Roman tongue. Heedless of the custom and the prophecy, the Cappadocian ordained, and no doubt wisely, that the transactions of the court should be in a language "understood of the people." If there is any truth, however, in the accusations of Lydus, he neutralized the benefit by, at the same time, lowering the standard of literary merit required from the registrars of the court. Instead of handing over the decisions of his court to be put into exact legal shape by the highly-trained *tractatores*, he now had them filled up with random carelessness by ignorant slaves of his own, he himself pocketing the fees. Troubles and disputes of all kinds arose in the interpretation of the documents thus prepared, and then the enraged Cappadocian inflicted the punishment of death on those who failed to understand the exact force of his haphazard rescripts.

\* Gibbon, chap. xl., note 93 (quoting from Procopius, Pers. i., c. 24).

† From this we may perhaps infer that Greek was even then the language of State for the Asiatic and east African provinces.

The proceedings of the minister with reference to the postal service seem incapable of any favorable explanation, and it is difficult to understand by what arguments Justinian, unless in dire need of money for war or for architecture, can have been induced to consent to them. The *cursus publicus* was one of the greatest triumphs of imperial administration. The magnificent roads of the Romans long remained even in the West a witness to the new barbaric kingdoms of what Rome once had been; and in the East the postal service was probably not much deteriorated in the sixth century from its condition in the fourth, when the young Constantine performed his celebrated flying journey from Bithynia to Britain. It contained two departments, the heavy post (*δρόμος πλατύς*), for what we should call goods traffic, which was conducted in wagons; and the swift post (*δρόμος βελύς*), for express mails. The former was chiefly served by oxen, asses and mules, partly also by heavy cart-horses; while in the latter the fleet horses called *veredi* whirled along the lightly-built *rheda*, or bore on their backs the imperial messengers. The necessity for such a service in such an empire is well described by Lydus: "For since nearly the whole continent was subject to the Romans, it was not easy for the emperors to know what was going on upon their eastern frontier, when they were perhaps marching at the head of their troops to the shores of the Atlantic. But by means of the *cursus velox* they had private information of what was going on before it had become matter of common fame."\*

This admirable institution of the *cursus publicus*, we are told, was ruined by the Cappadocian, who at the instigation of his namesake and kindred spirit, "John Baggy-cheek," decreed that horses should no longer be maintained for the service. Our author, as a true courtier, asserts that "this was done unknown to the emperor, for how would he have yielded to a course so fatal to the public interest?" But we can hardly suppose that Justinian was left really without information of so momentous a change as the suppression of the *cursus* throughout the whole eastern prefecture. However this may be, the result was disastrous. The tithes of produce payable by the cultivator to the State, becoming unsalable for want of transport, rotted on the ground. The tithe-payer, of whom gold was now de-

manded instead of corn, was utterly crushed by the tax-collector, whose demands, unable as he now was to send his produce to the sea, it was utterly impossible for him to meet. At the same time, as if in order to make the situation yet more desperate, the former appropriations of tithe to the military budget were discontinued. In old times a large part of the rations of the army was supplied out of the *decumae* of the province in which they were quartered, and the men themselves were often made use of to assist in getting in the harvest. But now, probably as a result of some centralizing scheme of administration devised by Justinian and carried into effect by the Cappadocian, all this was at an end, and the cultivator was ruined, while the soldier was left unfed.\*

While all this was going on, the governor was courting, and for a time successfully, the favor of the mob. Dressed in a bright green robe, he carried his pallid face — pallid with gluttony and lust — through all the cities of the Orient, and while ruining the Lydian or Cilician cultivator by his exactions, he sought with fawning affability to persuade the refuse of the cities that no one else was so warm a friend to them as he. For a time the device, the easy device, of pampering the town at the expense of the country, succeeded. But when the provincials, crushed and dispirited by financial oppression, impoverished by the rights of pre-emption claimed by the government, exhausted by the labors of the *angaria* (forced transport), bewildered and heartbroken by the nineteen varieties of taxes enumerated, by our essayist,† gave up all hope of resisting the barbarians on the frontier, or the troops whose depredations were worse than any committed by the barbarians, and began flocking into the capital; when there were seen poor, pallid women, with babes at their breasts, who had suffered untold hardships in transporting the tithes of produce from the interior to the sea, and when tales were told of many like them who had succumbed under the burden and were left unpitied and unburied corpses by every high-road in Asia, the opinion even of the city mob began to change, and popular feeling began to ferment into indignation against John.

At this crisis the one person who was really all-powerful in the empire, the bal-

\* This seems to be the meaning of the concluding sentences of iii. 61, but the passage is obscure.

† III. 70.

let-dancer whom Justinian had made partner of his throne, intervened, and fortunately on the right side. Theodora, "his wedded wife, surpassing all other persons that ever lived in sagacity and in ever-wakeful sympathy for the oppressed," repaired to her husband, and in earnest words set before him the danger which he ran, not only of exhausting his subjects, but of shaking his throne itself by shielding the misgovernment of the Cappadocian. The emperor was reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a change, but saw not how to bring it to pass. For John had so entangled the affairs of the State, mixing the treasury receipts of one indictment with those of another, that no senator, no one who had any regard for just financial administration, durst take the tangled skein into his hand.

The knot was cut by the famous tumults of the *Nika* (14-19 January, 532), which are briefly described by our author. He attributes the actual outbreak to the increased severity with which the laws were put in force against the hungry multitudes of immigrants into the capital, especially by the newly appointed praetors and questors, whose obsolete offices had been revived in this emergency by the emperor. We hear nothing from him about the fatal rivalry between the Blues and Greens in the Hippodrome, the colloquy between Justinian and the Green insurgents,\* the assumption of the diadem by a nephew of Anastasius, the emperor's meditated flight and ultimate adoption of a bolder policy under the inspiring counsels of the courageous Theodora. On the other hand, the general voice of historians agrees with Lydus in attributing to the misgovernment of the Cappadocian some share, though not the whole, of the responsibility for the outbreak of this celebrated sedition, by which a large part of Constantinople was laid in ashes and fifty thousand of the inhabitants perished.† The misgovernment had probably produced a large amount of dumb, half-conscious misery, and when the fury of contending parties had loosed the bonds of society, and broken the habit of passive obedience, the multitude raged against the emperor, the empress, the court, the prefect, saying, "Why have we suffered so long?"

\* Recorded on the doubtful authority of Theophanes, and styled by Gibbon the "most singular dialogue that ever passed between a prince and his subjects."

† This is the number given by Lydus; 30,000 is the more probable estimate of Procopius.

"When order was restored, the praetorian prefect had vanished from the capital, and thus ended," says Lydus, "the first robber administration of the wicked Cappadocian."\* Lydus draws a vigorous picture of the great city after the conflagration, looking like another Lipari or Vesuvius with its huge masses of black and smoking ruins, of its silent streets, and cowed and sullen population. Then upon this dark and dreary scene brightness and hope suddenly supervened. The fortune of the emperor again triumphed, and a new and fairer Constantinople sprang from the ruins of the old, like creation out of chaos. The foundation stone of "the Temple of the Great God" (the Church of St. Sophia) was laid amid general rejoicings, and £160,000 was spent upon that glorious structure, "without any oppression of the people." In fact, we can easily understand that, for a time at least, the new and difficult problems which presented themselves to the imperial administration might be postponed in Constantinople, as in Paris, by the employment of the hungry immigrants from the provinces on these gigantic works for the embellishment of the city. John was succeeded at the prefecture by a man of noble birth, named Phocas, of whose personal frugality and public generosity, of whose culture, affability, and piety, Lydus speaks in words of high praise, which suggest that he, at least, was a still living patron from whom future favors were yet to be expected. But at this point of the narrative the text, which has been for some pages becoming more and more corrupt and obscure, suddenly stops in the middle of a sentence. Lydus has still to describe the second and longer administration of John of Cappadocia, an administration which lasted eight years (from 534 to 541), his fall, his punishment, his banishment, and death. It is difficult to image what darker colors he had still left wherein to paint this second robber administration, and he would doubtless have tired us with the shrill monotony of his invective. Still, we cannot but regret that so vivid a sketch of a most important epoch of the world's history by a contemporary hand should have reached us in a fragmentary state, and we may hope that the Lauras of the Ægean are yet hiding for us a complete copy of "Lydus de Magistribus."

THOMAS HODGKIN.

\* πέρας οὖν τοῦτο τῆς πρώτης λησταρχίας τῶν πονηροῦ Καππαδόκου (iii. 72).

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LOST.

A STRANGE stillness and darkness, a gray, black twilight everywhere, broken only by a whiteness beneath; yet the darkness and stillness were nothing to me save as conditions that existed, but in which I had no concern. I passed out of the room, though no door opened for me, and down the stairs. There were faces I knew dimly, as in a dream; they went by sad and silent, not even seeing me. In a room beneath, where a flickering candle burnt, were two human beings, the one a babe sleeping in its cot; I stood by its side for a moment, not knowing what made me stay, but I saw the child's face, and felt a strange comfort from the sight. The other was a man sitting by a table, his arms stretched out across it, and his head resting down upon them. He did not move or stir, his face was hidden, but I knew that he was bowed down by sorrow, and there was something that drew me to his side, that made me long to comfort him, to say pitying words, telling him how short were sorrow and sleep, how long were thought and waking. But the longing was undefined, and had no power to shape itself into action, and I stood silent and still. Then I put out my hand and touched his shoulder. He did not raise his head, but for the first time he moved, his frame was suddenly convulsed, and he sobbed bitterly. And so the night passed, he weeping and I watching, and stealthily and cruelly the morning light crept in at the staring, uncurtained windows.

I was in the upper room again; I knew not how, nor how long after, for time and space had no more measure for me. I looked round the room; it was draped with white, and at one end there was a bed, and on it the outline of a human form covered by a sheet. There seemed some dim memory hanging about the room; but that was all, for consciousness returns but slowly, and knowledge remains but of few things, and only of those beings that have made a mark upon our souls that even death cannot efface. The door opened, and the man who had been weeping below entered, and suddenly I remembered and knew my husband. His face was sad and pale, his eyes were dim, his head was bent, but he raised it for a moment as he entered, and looked nervously round the room. I held out my arms to him, but he passed me by, taking no notice; I called him by his name, but

he did not hear me. He went up to the bed, and, kneeling down, took the hand-kerchief from over the dead face; step by step I went forward to look at it.

It was my own!

"Ah! no, no, no!" I shrieked, "it is not I! I am here beside you, my husband! Oh! my love — my love — it is not I! I am here! Look at me, speak to me — I am here!" but the words died away, and he did not hear them, and I knew that sound had gone from me forever. And still he knelt by the dead, giving it dear names, and showering down kisses upon it; and I stood by longing for all that was given for love of me, and yet not to me; stood looking with strange fear and shrinking at the white face and the still lips and the closed eyes — at that which had been my own self and was myself no more. But still he knelt there calling it me, and crying out to that which heard not, and saw not, and was but waiting for the black grave to hide it.

At last he covered the face with the handkerchief again, and rose and left the room. I could not follow him, and waited in unutterable longing, to weep, but having no tears; to speak, but having no words; to die, but finding that time and death had passed by — that to death I had paid tribute and yet remained.

I looked round the room, and slowly there came dim memories of many things — of pain, and sorrow, and parting; of pain, that death had conquered, and that lay forever vanquished in that still form; of sorrow, that death had left, and that only one soul could conquer — a soul still living within a human body. I knew the room now: it was the one I used to sleep in and had called my own; they had covered the furniture with white, and yet around and about lay things my hands had fashioned — hands that never more might stir a single leaf or move one atom from its place. Suddenly, in a corner of the room, I saw the uncovered looking-glass, and wondering, remembered; and fearing and shrinking with a strange terror, I went forward, and standing before it, looked and saw — nothing. All else I saw — the room, the shrouded furniture, some fading flowers in a vase, the outline of the dead woman lying on the bed — everything; but of me that stood before it there was no sign, no trace — nothing — nothing. And still, scarce believing, and holding out my hands to it in my agony, I stood before it, but the vacant glass gave no sign, no trace; showed nothing — nothing. Then I understood — then I

realized — that sight and sound knew me no longer, and that the eyes I loved were blind to me in their waking hours — blind forevermore while time should last; and time, that heaps dust on all things, would heap it up higher and higher between the memory of my face and him. But did he not feel my presence? did he not know that I was by him, and would be by him, until, at last, from out of the worn body, the soul should slowly lift itself into that which is but one step higher in the universe? — till meeting should be again, and sorrow and parting no more? . . . For as the clay fetters fall, dear, and the earthly chains one by one give way, our souls shall draw nearer and nearer, until slowly the mist shall clear and we shall see each other once more face to face, and out of the darkness of human pain shall come everlasting light. How the knowledge of this would help you! how it would comfort you to know that though sight and sound have gone, yet there is one thing that links the worlds together — one memory that binds the mortal to the immortal! For love, that is stronger than life, shall be stronger than death, and, passing on, shall look back upon death — the love that came to us from without, and shall pass out with us into that which ever has been and shall be, unto which no end is. . . .

Through all the long days that followed I was with him, through all his lonely hours and passionate grief. I stood by him while he slept, and whispered loving words into his ears, and he heard them and was comforted. And we travelled back together along the dream road to all that had been in the far-off time, and the remembrance of old, sweet days came before his sleeping eyes; but things were not as we had left them, but shaped themselves differently, and wore strange and terrible faces that made him start from his sleep and look round the dark room, half fearing, half wondering, and he saw, not me standing beside him, but only the black hopelessness of the night. Or I would say strange words to him as he slept — words that in life I had never said, so that he might know there was a meeting-time yet to come, for of that I dared not speak; but he would not hear them.

"Come to me in my waking hours," he cried, and I could make no sign, no response. It is only in dreams that the dead have power over the living, for theirs is the land of which the living see only fitful gleams in their sleep — a land where,

to the living, all seems, and nothing is, and nothing earthly has an abiding-place. "It is only a dream," he would cry out in his despair; "it means nothing, it is only the fevered picture-making of my own brain." Yet a world of our own creation we can in some way control; but in the world that we enter in our sleep, we have no power, no control.

At first I was always with him, for his thought and will and longing had power to bring me, to give me a voice in his dreams, to grant me a sight of his face, but I could not tell him; I could but wait and hope and wait again. . . .

Dear, was it only the clay that held you, was it only the touch of my hands that caressed you, the tone of my voice that ever had tender words for you, and the sound of my eager feet that hurried swiftly towards you ever, and stayed before you waiting? Was it not my soul you loved, and its human form but as the house in which that soul dwelt? For the body is but a mere accident, a chance garment flung aside and dropping to decay when no longer strong enough to hold the soul it covers, a refuge in which for a time we take shelter and use human symbols to do our work and say our say; a place of lodging for that which has been and is forever, and which, while it stays in the body, is fed and strengthened and beautified, and then goes forth again, or is weakened and starved and disfigured, and at last is scattered to be gathered up no more. Was it not my soul you loved, dear, and that is not sleeping in the dead woman? Life was not only in the beating heart and aching head, but in the hurrying feet and tender hands and the little, eager fingers, in every atom of flesh, and from every one of these it has gone forth and waits till you shall choose whether eternity shall be ours or not. . . .

I came to him and knew by his face that a long time had passed since our last meeting, and he was changed. Strange faces were around him, and strange voices pleased him, and the old tenderness was not in his eyes when he thought of me, and my flowers were no longer on his table, my portrait no more before him, and songs that had not been mine were on his lips. The brightness came back to his face and the happy ring to his voice, and he passed on into a world in which I had no part or memory. But I knew that it must be so, I would not have had him grieve always, and is not life sweet, even to those to whom death will be sweeter?

Fearing and dreading, I stood by his side once more, but only to know that the thought of me saddened him, to watch him struggle with the past, and try to shut out the remembrance of the dead face we had stood beside . . . and with him there was a woman, young and fair, fairer than I even in my fairest days, and in her eyes there was a look of love, and on her lips were tender words, and he looked down upon her face and listened to her just as, long ago, he had looked down at my face and listened to my words. I stood beside him and put my hand upon his arm, and he started as if he felt a deathly coldness. I tried to look into his eyes, but shudderingly he turned away. I whispered old words into his ear, and he heard them in his heart and remembered them, and I knew that thoughts of me were strong upon him; yet with a sigh he turned away and wound his arms round the woman who had taken my place. "He is lonely and sad," I cried; "he cannot be always alone, without mortal hands to soothe him, and human tones to comfort him; it is this that draws him to her, for he is yet human. It is her humanity he craves to help him along the lonely road; the sound of a voice, the sight of a face, and all that I can be to him no more; but it is me he loves, it is my face he shall see once more before him in his dying hour when the companionship of human life is ended.

It is not her soul that will know him when only love gives recognition, and only love may guide him over the great threshold. . . .

He rested his head down upon her hair, and she whispered longingly, "If I had only had your first love!" He looked at her sadly and gravely, and into his voice there came a sweetness I had never heard, as he answered her slowly, "You have my best love." . . . And still I stayed looking at him and listening to him, knowing that I should do so never-more — that now indeed was the great parting between us. For that which he had called love had been but a delight in sound and sight and touch, born of the flesh and dying with it, and not worthy of the name, and nothing else could bring me to him. And I would have been content, since he had willed it so, had she that was with him had power to give him a perfect love; but I knew that it was not so. And still I stayed, even while he clung to her until he shut his eyes so that in fancy he might not see me, and hid his face so that he might not hear me, and with a wrench he

shut all remembrance of me out of his heart and turned to her again. . . . And then I fled out into the night, knowing that if we met again there would be no memory of me with him, for memory dies with the body unless it is strong enough to outlive death, or love is there to carry it on. And even if he saw my face again in some dim future of which I knew not yet, it would be strange to him, as a flickering thought that can be identified with no past and which we dare not call memory, is strange. For as the body knows much the soul may not remember, so has the soul secrets that can never be known to the body. . . . And I cried out to the darkness in my anguish, and the wind lent me its voice and shrieked in at the crevices and beat against the windows; but I knew he standing within heard not or took no heed, and thought of nothing save of the woman beside him. "Oh could you but know!" I cried, "could you but know how with our own hands we make our heavens and hells and the heavens and hells of those we love!" For that which is in our hearts to the end is always, and so ourselves do we work out our own immortality. The choice is with us, and the material in our own hands, to live or die even as we will; but to live the soul must have strength — strength that is greater than death, greater than the power that comes after to gather us in until separate life is ours no more, and the strength that is greatest is born of love that is perfect. And of perfect love are all things born, of love that in its highest has gathered beauty and knowledge and wisdom to itself, until the mortal life has become immortal and passes on with all things in its hands.

I do not know how far I went, on and on, into what strange lands, on and on, borne by the wind and hurried by the storm, making no sign, leaving no footprint behind. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind that met me understood, and went by moaning and pitying, and carried on, perhaps to him, some sad message, for in its tone there seemed a cry of parting and despair that was my own. . . . And then I went back once more to see the babe that had slept in its cot the night I had first stood beside my husband in his sorrow. There is only one being with which one's soul longs for affinity, an affinity born of love and sympathy, and now my soul knew that this was denied it; my thoughts went back to the child that was mine and his. And I

loved it chiefly for the life that was in it — life that was his once and might know me still. I stole in the darkness through the quiet house, and found the room where the child lay sleeping in its bed. I saw its face and its soft hair and closed eyes and heard the sweet sound of breathing that came through its parted lips, and I longed for human life again, and would have given my soul up thankfully to have had my flesh and blood back for one single instant, to have held that little one in my arms. And I stooped and kissed it, but it turned shrinkingly away even in its sleep, and then, affrighted, woke and cried "Mother, mother!" And from an inner room the fair woman came; but I stood close to the child still, and touched it softly; and again, shrinking and affrighted, it held out its hands to her and cried "Mother, mother!" and she took it into her arms, and the child looked up at her face and smiled, and was satisfied. . . . And I passed out into the night, and on and on forevermore, farther and farther away — on and on, seeking the infinite and finding it never. . . .

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ONE YEAR IN A GERMAN COOKERY SCHOOL

Dienen lerne bei Zeiten das Weib nach ihrer Bestimmung;  
Denn durch Dienen allein gelangt sie endlich zum Herrschen,  
Zu der verdienten Gewalt, die doch ihr im Hause gehöret.

Goethe.

IT was the last day of April, at half past ten in the evening. Bed-time had come; and my father embraced me more tenderly than usual, saying, "God bless you, my child," and then left me alone. I was alone, alone for the last time in my father's house, in my own dear friendly room, which I had to leave next morning early for the first time in my life.

I was sixteen years of age; and, according to a common custom of German families, I had now to go for twelve months to what is called a cookery school, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German housewife. This custom is not universal in Germany; but it prevails in many districts, especially in the north-western provinces. A girl may be a countess, or a baroness; a clergyman's or a general's daughter; or else the child of a butcher or shoemaker. It does not signify how or where she has been

born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden. Of course I do not mean to say that all girls, even in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are *forced* to undergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it; and some parents do not feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the good sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that, whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself or not, and even if her position in the world allows her to keep as many servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work which she requires of them. There is only one difference between a baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have mentioned in her father's house and from her mother; while the former leaves her home to learn the same details of domestic service in a strange house.

My luggage was prepared, and everything was finished. I had nothing to do but to lie down once more in my white-curtained bed, with my head full of all sorts of pictures of my immediate future. They were not very nice pictures that bothered my poor brain that evening. Every girl is more or less conceited, and I am not at all ashamed to confess that I was kept awake far beyond midnight by the idea that my hands, which until now had never touched anything nasty, would from the next day begin to peel potatoes, and kill ducks and pigeons, and that my complexion would be spoiled by the heat of the kitchen fire.

Morning came, and with it the farewell from my father, brothers, sisters, and all dear friends. They all accompanied me to the station; another kiss, another shaking of the hand, and the train started, carrying me towards unknown people and unknown work.

The same afternoon I arrived at the station of S—, in the Thuringian Forest. The train had scarcely stopped, when a very venerable-looking, tall old clergyman, with long, white, curly hair and kind blue eyes, opened the door of my carriage, asking if Fräulein H— was in there. I said yes, and, shaking hands with me, he told me that he was the clergyman K— from Bellstädt, my foster-father for the

coming year.\* He told me to follow him to his carriage, which was waiting outside the station. Although I was not otherwise than pleased with the old pastor's appearance, my heart beat fast that moment; and while Mr. K— went to enquire about my luggage, I felt such a wish to cry that, in order to restrain my tears, and regardless of the strange coachman who was standing by, I stepped up to the horses and embraced them tenderly, whispering into their sympathetic ears that I was very, very unhappy! I think the coachman, fond as he was of his horses, liked my caressing them.

He came up to me, tapped my shoulder familiarly, and asked me in his homely Thuringian dialect, not to be unhappy. "Oh," he said, "my dear Fräulein, about forty young girls have I fetched at this station in these last years; every one was unhappy then, or at least pretended to be so; but oh! how much more unhappy they were when they had to leave this station! And, Fräulein," he continued, "believe in my prophecy: *you* do not look as if you were going to be the first to leave this place without regret!"

I blessed that simple, sincere man with all my heart; and it may be said here that to the very last day of my stay at Bellstädt he and I were good and faithful friends. After half an hour we started. The weather was splendid; and we enjoyed a delicious drive through the fascinating valleys of the Thuringian Forest, till at last our carriage, after having passed a small but pretty village, stopped before the front door of a two-storied house, overgrown with vines and ivy, which lay nestled behind old and shadowy linden-trees. A rather small but neatly kept garden, with a beautiful green grass-plot, roses and other flowers in beds, was to be seen at the right side of the house; while another bigger one, full of fruit-trees, potatoes, and all the vegetables required in the kitchen, lay behind the house. From this second garden I heard the joyful voices of girls at play, while a lady, the mistress of the house, kindly greeting me, was standing in the doorway. According to our education, and the courtesy we use towards elderly ladies, I went and kissed her hand; and she in return kissed my forehead, wishing me a most hearty welcome. Then she took me by the hand, and asked my Christian name, telling me,

\* *Pflege-Vater* is the name given to the head of the house where the German girl is sent to learn her household duties, and indicates that for the time he has become her guardian.

at the same time, that all girls in her house were called by their Christian names. After this, we went to my room, where I and two other girls had to dwell. Everything was nice and comfortable, but without luxury. She — "Aunt Mary," as we all had to call her — told me that I had seven companions, and that she hoped I would make friends with them. Then she helped me to unpack my luggage, making a close inspection, to be sure I had everything I wanted. And yes, it was all at hand. There were two winter and two summer dresses, made with short sleeves of dark and useful stuff; besides twelve large dark-blue aprons or pinafores for hard and dirty kitchen-work, twelve white ones for housework, and twelve nice and neat ones for serving at dinner. After having praised my useful things, Aunt Mary smiled at my pretty dresses and hats, which we were allowed to wear on Sundays, for picnics, and other occasions. "You little vanity," she said, kissing me, "come now, I will show you the house and introduce you to your companions."

After dinner, where two of the *Pensionairinnen*, as we were called, had served, Mr. K. read out of the Bible, gave us his blessing, and we went to bed, for the next morning had to see us up early. At five, Aunt Mary came to call us; we took our bath, and then one girl helped to comb the other's hair. This — probably because of our German nationality, but assuredly not (as the author of "German Home Life" kindly pretends) in consequence of our never having had our heads washed as children — was very long and strong; and therefore would have taken too much time to comb it out ourselves.

From half-past five in the morning our day was divided in the following manner. The newly arrived and still stupid girls began with easy work, two and two always working together. Two had to clean the rooms and lamps, and to mend the linen; two worked in the garden, and had to feed the animals; but except during the first month, they were only expected to attend to the poultry. Two had to arrange the dinner, tea, and coffee table, and to wash the dishes we used at meals. Two again were busy in the kitchen. All of us had to go every afternoon to milk the cows, and on a wash or ironing day to take part also in that labor. According to this plan we changed our work every week.

I began my studies. Aunt Mary was the head of all, the minister of the interior and foreign affairs, as we used to say;

while four under-ministers supported her in both departments. These four were those girls who had been in her house for six months; and each of the newly arrived girls was given to the special guardianship of one of these. It would be too detailed if I were to describe every day of my training. I began the first week by cleaning the rooms and the lamps. This, by the way, is a very unpleasant duty. We were not allowed to complain of any work; and I am glad and proud to say we never did, for we knew "it must be." The first week is not the worst, for the work is easy. The next begins to be harder; for our backs, quite unaccustomed to bend all day, digging earth, planting flowers, and weeding borders, ached badly in the evening. The third week again is a sort of repose. With a neat, coquettish apron pinned upon one's frock, one serves at the meals and washes the dishes, accompanying that monotonous work by cheerful songs. But then, last but not least, that fourth week — oh! I shiver, only thinking of it! I see myself again, standing in the kitchen, peeling my potatoes, preparing the vegetables, and ah! killing the poultry; while my six-months-experienced companion looks at me, pitifully smiling at my tears that I can't restrain, when Aunt Mary for the first time teaches me how — to kill poultry! What I suffered that moment no pen possibly could describe. It was my first kitchen-day. I had just, mournfully looking at my hands, finished my potatoes, when Aunt Mary came in with six pigeons, telling me that I had to kill them. My heart beat impetuously; I went up to her; she took one pigeon; touched its head and — turned it round. "You see that it is simple," she said then; "do it now."

She gave me a white pigeon with dear dark eyes. I held it in my left hand; I looked at it; and oh! everything seemed to turn round with me; I felt as if I could not move one limb. I was silently looking at the pigeon in my hand, wishing myself far, far away in the land where the pepper grows; but suddenly, Aunt Mary shook my arm, saying: "Well, Elizabeth, are we going to stand here all day, dreaming heaven knows about what?" — "One, two, three," she counted with a voice that permitted no disobedience, and one, two, three, and my right hand was holding the poor pigeon's head that I myself in my bitter duty had twirled off. Tears were streaming out of my eyes; my companion had to kill the four other pigeons. While I was spending the dismallest day of my

life, the eyes of my dead pigeon followed me everywhere. Even that night was restless; all the pigeons of the world pursued me in my dreams, calling out for revenge on me for their dead sister.

The following weeks brought hard work. To remain in the hot kitchen day after day, was not easy. To wash the greasy crockery was no joke. And then when we had to stand and wash from morning to night at the sheets, table napkins, and all the body-linen, then afterwards to iron, mangle it, and all that, I assure you that was not just a pleasure for spoiled young ladies. It is the custom in Germany to wash table-linen and sheets as seldom as possible. Indeed, it is even a sign of wealth when one washes these things but four times a year, because it shows that lots of them are possessed by the family. Whether the custom is a nice one or not, there can be no doubt about the work it causes.

As soon as this great wash began, we gave up all but the most important house and kitchen work; and you might have seen us standing, all eight of us, round a huge tub, rubbing with soap in hot water the sheets and napkins. Certainly it was severe labor, and my hands bled fast the first evening. But while standing and washing, even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part-songs. When the washing was finished, Carl, the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after, and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinsed out the linen in the clear, flowing water. I dare say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one; whether it was the kneeling at the river, or the happy thought that all would be soon at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shoots of water that we extravagant girls sent at him!

So the weeks went on, each bringing its appointed task, and yet never anything seemed to be too hard. Having once got accustomed to our work, we did it with good temper and love. This was the reason, I think, why the spirit of the house was merry and cheerful. Aunt Mary was our best friend; and in Mr. K— we admired the real type of a country clergyman. I said that I never found my work too hard; but still there was

one which I always did with showers of tears. That, as you can guess, was—killing poultry: ducks, geese, pigeons. I think I killed about three dozen, but I am sure that their sufferings were not half as bad as mine!

After six months' hard work I had learned enough to get a new girl under my care, and there was no roast meat, no vegetable, no pudding or cake I could not cook. Now the pleasure came; for in teaching others I saw for the first time how much I knew.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have had enough of our German cookery school, and I see many a young lady comfortably leaning back in her armchair saying, "Nothing in the world would induce *me* to lead such a dull, hard life! Thank God that I am not a German girl!" Fiddlesticks! Noah's ark! My proud young lady, it is not quite so dull as it seems, and I am sure that after having read what follows of my story, you will understand my saying that the year in the cookery school was one of the happiest I ever spent.

I said that the place I lived in was a village. It was a dear old place, and I should like to tell you a little more about it. It was situated, as I said before, in the Thuringian Forest, and was full of all the charm a place possesses that is far away from railroads. The village was surrounded by splendid old fir woods, and pleasantly animated by a small, swiftly-running, sun-bright river. The population was made up of middle-sized folk, neither especially good nor yet bad looking, but dressed in a very pretty, bright costume. The men wore light-blue trousers and a wide, blue blouse; the women short red petticoats, colored apron, a black velvet bodice, and white, short sleeves. Their hair, plaited in about eight tresses, was coiled about the head, with a red or blue handkerchief twisted over it.

The village contained about twenty-four houses, all (except the squire's and parson's) with a straw-thatched roof, and on nearly every third roof a stork was nested. Those dear storks; what a pleasure they are to every German heart! It seems as if they belonged to the family, and no greater joy is ever seen on any face, be it young or old, than on the day when the stork, after a long absence, comes home to his old nest, first of all looking into it, and then, convinced that everything is in order, beginning to clatter with his bill, giving greeting to all his friends who are

standing about beneath, waving their pocket handkerchiefs in welcome. We have a sort of divine adoration for our storks; a stork's nest on a roof is called the greatest sign of luck. No one ever thinks of killing a stork, and if this happens, the crime is punished with from seven to ten years of imprisonment.

Never in my life but once have I heard of a stork being wilfully killed. It happened in this village, and often, indeed, have I heard the event talked about. The story is so sad and strange that I should like to tell it here. It took place as follows. A young man, out of mere boyish wantonness, shot the hen-stork some days before they began their long and troublesome journey to Africa. Winter was gone; the stork's nest was again without snow, and the warm sun and mild spring air made people look forward to the arrival of the storks. At last they came. All the nests, except the one which through human cruelty had lost its mistress, were soon full of eggs which the hen-birds were busy hatching. One day, a stork, which was flying alone towards the village, came to the nest upon the parsonage roof. The female stork, unmindful of approaching danger, was sitting silently in her nest alone, when the strange bird swooped passionately down, and began a furious fight with her. She defended her nest, her eggs, herself, as bravely as she could, but at last her strength failed, and the stranger stork succeeded in hacking the eggs to pieces and throwing them out of the nest. Then, but not till then, he seemed satisfied with what he had done, and with a savage rattling in his throat, he flew away. The villagers, meanwhile, stood watching this horrible scene without being able to help the injured mother bird. This story shows curiously that the feelings and passions both of men and animals are very much alike. The poor stork, pining for his mate who had been murdered, sees another in her full maternal happiness. Mad jealousy comes over him, and being himself unhappy, he wants to make others unhappy too. The wretched bird, it may be added, was never seen again after the tragedy. Most probably he put a speedy end to his own miserable life.

We had not much society in our village. There was only the squire's family, consisting of a father, mother, three grown-up sons, and four young men who were being taught farming. The Sundays were our usual days for meeting. Sometimes we were all invited to the squire's house, or else they used to call on us. The

greatest pleasure for us girls was of course to go there, for then we had no work to do, and could enjoy our holiday. And oh, how well we knew how to do that! The old people left us to ourselves, giving us full leave to do whatever we liked. The dining-room was at our disposal; and, by the by, this noble old room is worth while making acquaintance with. It was in the old part of the house, built about two hundred years ago. The walls and ceiling were panelled with wood, admirably carved. An old-fashioned chandelier that with the brightness of its lights had served at many happy and sad family occurrences, hung in the middle of the room, while the walls were decorated with magnificent horns of stags and deer, shot long ago by ancestors of the house. To this room we went; a cupboard containing an old hand-organ was opened; and while one played this oft-used and obedient instrument, the rest of us danced valses and galops. Sometimes we had games or acted plays; and when tired of all these, it was pleasant to sit or walk about arm-in-arm, under the moon-lighted oak-tree that from generation to generation had secretly hearkened to the ever-old and ever-new whispering of young and hopeful love.

I see, dear friends, you don't trust your eyes any longer, reading about love, real, poetical love in a cooking-school, where you expected that sentimentality and higher feelings would dry up in the hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Yet if you will promise not to tell about it, I may confess to you that my best friend and companion in the school, while she was there, engaged herself secretly to the squire's eldest son, and she is now a happy wife. It must be admitted that not every love-story which begun there ended so happily. I know of one young man, who once under the oak-tree asked a certain young lady to become his wife, but she refused, pretending that long before she came there her heart had been given away irrevocably.

Again the last day of April arrived; my year was at an end. I had to leave my dear school, Aunt Mary, my companions. I did not dare to think of it.

But the day appeared, and again the carriage was waiting at the door; and, embracing them all with tears of gratitude and love in my eyes, I drove away, easily reading in my driver's good-natured smiling face, "I told you that *you* would not be the first to leave the place without regret!"

E. H.

From All The Year Round.  
VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## IN THE TRACK OF THE SETTING SUN.

"I THINK it looks very like it," said Lady Ashleigh; "and if it had not been for the other — Ah dear, dear, that was a sad affair. Poor Sybil was always such a favorite of mine, so pretty and gentle, and — and easier to understand than Jenny."

"Much easier," said Mrs. Ashleigh promptly; "a mental calibre of the simplest order. I don't wonder at your preferring her to Jenny, Margaret; but all the same, now you have taken a fancy into that dear good head of yours, don't run about sowing it in others. I should be sorry for it to get wind here."

"But supposing it should be true?" suggested Lady Ashleigh rather timidly.

Good-tempered and easy as she was, she was always a little afraid of her sister-in-law. Rose said such sharp things, and, like Jenny Dysart, one could not always understand her. On the present occasion she knitted her brows and looked quite cross.

"If it should be true, I should have gained a real daughter instead of an adopted one: only in that case she would live away from instead of with me. As I am desperately dull, however, and should rather like to have a daughter in the house if I'm to have one at all, I don't want to suppose anything that would take her out of it."

"Oh no, of course not," said Lady Ashleigh quickly. "I am sure, however, that Jenny would have too much good feeling to —" And then, not being quite sure of what the good feeling was to deter Jenny from doing, or in what direction Mrs. Ashleigh's disapproval extended, she broke off her sentence, and occupied herself more assiduously in picking the dead leaves off a camellia.

It was a day just at the close of March, that "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus," and the two ladies were standing inside one of the greenhouses at Dilworth Hall. Lady Ashleigh wore her ordinary indoor dress, with only a white knitted shawl thrown over her head, and framing the pleasant, blooming freshness of her motherly face; but the rector's wife was dressed in her walking costume of dark cloth bordered with fur, and when she made her appearance at the Hall a few minutes earlier, she had told her sister-in-law that she was only waiting for her

brougham, as she had promised to drive into Esher to see the Dysart girls and meet Lion, who, now the vicar of a Hampshire parish, was down on a few days' visit to his parents at Dilworth. The day before, he had gone up to town on business, and as he was to bring down with him an invalid's bed-rest that Mrs. Ashleigh had ordered for Sybil, it was arranged that he should get out of the train at Esher, and that his mother should drive over there and bring him back.

It was a glorious morning. As the two ladies came out of the greenhouse and strolled along the gravel walks, the strong, pure breeze, fresh without being in the least chilly, caught Lady Ashleigh's knitted shawl and spread it out behind her like a cloud, as though to emulate those long, white, feathery ones chasing each other in swiftly flying ranks across the glittering blue above. All round, the thorns and lime-trees were beginning to be budded over with a tender outlining of green, while the almonds, rejoicing in their priority, burst out in great bunches of pale-pink bloom, showing delicately clear against the brown stone terraces and faded red brick of the old manor house, and contrasting with the dark, leafless traceray of the stouter oaks and beeches. All the borders were alive with crocuses, yellow, purple, and white. Every bank was a bed of primroses, looking as if the pale gold sunshine, diffused over the lap of nature, had slumbered there a moment and left the earth a-blooming for its impress; while down in the meadow, which a few weeks back was white with snowdrops, "the first-born flower of the year," there raged a sea of daffodils breaking their golden blooming against the swaying spears of their sea-green leafage, and "taking the winds of March with beauty."

All nature seemed dancing and singing in the uproarious joy of early springtime. The very lambs, brave to boldness at being born into such a merry madcap world, tried not to shiver when the mischievous wind caught them and turned their woolly fleeces flat against their sides, but fell to butting each other and playing uncouth gambols, in which their widespread, clumsy little black legs seemed to jerk about quite irrespective of the rest of their bodies; and in every sunny nook and grassy place

The daisies pied and violets blue,  
And ladysmocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,

dappled the green sward with delicate mosaics. Even the two matrons pacing the terrace walk — though on the autumn side of life themselves — showed in the calm and comely maturity of their stately womanhood no sign of the waning sadness of autumn's days, but bore themselves bravely, as women with good husbands and children, clear consciences and pleasant homes, have a right to do: Lady Ashleigh indeed, though the elder by some years, looking the sunnier of the two. The rector's wife had a tiny fold of anxiety on her brow, and she stopped once or twice to glance towards the gate.

"The carriage ought to have been here by now," she said. "I wonder how I shall find her to-day? Lovely as the weather is, these is a touch of east in the wind still; and I never go over there now without the fear lest something may have happened since I last heard."

"Poor child!" said kind Lady Ashleigh, sighing. "It's sad to think that such a young creature should be drifting out of life just when the world begins to look gay and springlike. I wish they were nearer to us; but Jenny says both the doctors declare she is too weak to bear moving, and that she is happier there than in places which would remind her more of her old life. Ah dear! how bright a one it seemed likely to be once! I hardly wonder, as things are now, at her being so content to go. Rose, I wish you had been driving over to-morrow instead of to-day; I could have sent some more of that clotted cream that she likes. I've not got any this morning."

"I should have done so, if it had not been for Lion's coming down to-day; and, though I don't see what Mr. Jacobson should be doing on the Esher line, I don't feel as if it were safe to trust my young man at any railway station within a dozen miles of Epsom since he has become such a warlike character."

"Ah! I've often meant to ask you more about that," said Lady Ashleigh, turning round from picking a spray of yellow winter jasmine to add to the bouquet she was carrying, with a sudden air of interest. "Of course I heard about it at the time, for William wrote to me as well as you; but what with being so taken up with Ada and her baby, and that smoky London air, which always confuses my head, I don't believe I have ever had a clear idea of the whole story. Lion thrashed this Mr. Jacobson or knocked him down — which was it? — for telling lies about poor little Sybil; but

how came he to hear of them, and what brought about the meeting? The man must have been a thorough-paced scamp, of course; but still it seemed a little — Well, of course, Will would have done it in a moment; but then Lion being a clergyman — However, I suppose he was too indignant to stop to think."

"Oh dear no, I don't think so," said Mrs. Ashleigh, the more lightly for a certain proud glistening in her eyes, of which she was a little ashamed. "The fact is, he was rather out of conceit with himself at the time, and wanted a bit of excitement to set him up again. He had been so terribly cock-a-hoop a little while before at his success in clearing up those slanders about Sybil and Mr. Vane, and in actually finding out, while doing so, all about that poor young aunt of the girls, who disappeared so mysteriously while they were still children in Austria, that he began to think his exertions all-powerful, and himself a sort of *deus ex machina*; and when he found out that no one wanted to hear his explanations, and that the very people who had bestirred themselves most busily in spreading falsehoods about our poor child were most indifferent to their refutation; while his very energy in defending her damaged its own aim, by strengthening a rumor which had got about that he was as much in love with her as ever, and only fighting her battles for that reason, he got proportionately disappointed, accused himself of failing in everything, and would have liked, I'm afraid, to have sworn at the whole crew. I told him I had expected

nothing else, that it was not his fault, and that once a girl had been talked about no counter-talking could ever undo the mischief done her, or leave her where she was before. But my lord was rather sore about it, and I suppose it was still rankling in his mind when he went into Leatherhead that day. I had asked him to call at the railway station for a parcel, which my stupid bootmaker had addressed there by mistake, and he was waiting for the train to come in which was to bring it, when he overheard this Matt Jacobson talking about Sybil. The man was lounging against the bookstall, in company with a couple of horsey-looking friends, also apparently waiting for the train, and his back was turned to Lion; but he spoke so loud that his words were distinctly audible, and the boy heard him boasting of having helped to break off Gareth Vane's engagement to Miss Dysart, declaring that she was a fickle, worthless

little jade, who had played his friend as false from the beginning as she had done her parson lover before him, and gone back to the latter as soon as the former's back was turned; and that he himself had caught the two spooning and sentimentalizing in a country lane, while the young lady was supposed to be engaged to his friend; and he had written to Mr. Vane in consequence and told him of it. What he might have gone on to add, I don't know. Lion only held himself in long enough to hear that much, and then made but one stride forward, took hold of Jacobson by the back of his collar, saying,—

“‘Mr. Jacobson, you are a liar and a coward, and every word you have been uttering is an impudent falsehood,’ and shook him till his teeth rattled in his head, flinging him off at the end as if he had been a dog. The man was so taken by surprise, and so helpless in our boy's grip—you know what a wrist he has—that he hardly made an effort to resist, and fell all in a heap on the platform when he was let go; but Lion turned round to the other two, and said as calmly as possible,—

“‘Gentlemen, I don't know if Mr. Jacobson is an intimate friend of yours. If so, I'm sorry to have had to handle him so roughly before you; but men who slander women in public places must expect to be publicly punished, and I tell you to his face that all that he has been saying of a fatherless and motherless girl now lying on a sick-bed, and very near to death's door, is a foul and gratuitous lie. I am the clergyman he alludes to, and I have never even once seen or spoken with Miss Dysart since the day of her engagement to his friend six months ago—an engagement to which I believe she is as true now as then. I say it to you on my word of honor as a gentleman; and I dare him to contradict me.’

“Mr. Jacobson faltered out,—

“‘Well, if I didn't see you together, my little girl did, and I heard —’ But Lion cut him short by laughing in his face, and turned to the other two with,—

“‘There, gentlemen, you see his story is altering already! I leave you to believe him or me, which you please;’ and lifting his hat, walked away and left them, Jacobson stammering curses after him while he brushed the dust off his clothes.”

“I wonder, in such a small place, that the affair didn't make more fuss and scandal than it did,” said Lady Ashleigh. The rector's wife nodded.

“So do I; but fortunately it wanted some minutes to the arrival of the train, and the only other witnesses of the scene were the old porter, Thompson (who used to be a servant of ours), and his son, who is the boy at the bookstall. Thompson came forward at once, pretending to think Mr. Jacobson's foot had slipped, and doing all that he could to make him keep quiet; but indeed we heard afterwards that the wretched man was so much mortified at the view his friends took of the matter, and so fearful that Mr. Vane might hear of it and take it up on his side, that though he blustered a good deal at first, he was more anxious than anybody to hush it up, and even paid the newspaper people not to put in a paragraph about it.”

“I can't help being glad, for dear Lion's sake, that he did,” said Lady Ashleigh.

“Lion didn't care one way or another,” retorted his mother; “he said, if he had known he should be unfrocked for it, he should have done it all the same; and he went down to W—— and told the bishop about it himself.”

“And I heard the bishop was very kind,” put in the baronet's wife; “but then he knows us.”

“And he knows Lionel too, which is more to the point. He listened to him quite quietly, and then said: ‘My dear Mr. Ashleigh, this is very wrong, you know. To knock a man down is unchristian and illegal in any one, but in a clergyman it is unseemly into the bargain. Now, don't be tempted to do it again, or, as your diocesan, I shall be obliged to reprimand you severely. In the present instance, as you have made this statement to me of your own accord, I shall receive it as *sub sigillo confessionis*, and reserve any further censure till I hear of it from other quarters.’ Then he asked him to dine with him; and Lion came home next day and got a far worse lecture from his father. You know how much the rector thinks of ‘respectability’: he positively insisted on taking Lion's duty for him next Sunday.”

“Ah! John thought he was wrong too,” said Lady Ashleigh; “but as for Sir William, my dear, I think he was delighted. He vowed Lion was a chip of the old block, drank his health at dinner, and sent him a present of his own gold-headed hunting-whip to keep his hands clean another time. Lion is a great favorite with his uncle.”

“And with his mother, I'm afraid,” said Mrs. Ashleigh smiling. “However, I

will own I was glad that poor old Mr. Brisbane's death occurred just then and gave him the move he had been waiting for. And now, as the carriage is waiting for me, and I don't want any more fighting to-day, I'll be off. Are those flowers for Sybil? Thanks. Dear me, I have talked myself quite hot!"

But there was no sign of heat or excitement in her manner when, later in the same afternoon, she entered the cottage bedroom where Sybil Dysart lay dying; the little room which, however humble, always looked so exquisitely neat and dainty, with its latticed casement and curtains of snowy dimity, the well-filled bookcase and bowls and baskets of fresh flowers set about everywhere, and the sweet girl-face lying back among its white pillows before which no raised tones or angry word were ever suffered to be heard. Jenny was seated beside the bed reading aloud when Mrs. Ashleigh came in, and rose gladly to welcome her; but the only greeting which passed between these two was a kiss, and a mute question and shake of the head, which said as plainly as words: "Any change?" "None."

Sybil's face, however, grew beaming, and she put up her lips to be kissed, saying, with the prettiest little petulant accent: "Jenny, the 'person of the house' ought to be spoken to first! Dear Mrs. Ashleigh, how good it is to see you! Do you know I have been feeling so much better to-day, and the sunshine has been so lovely. I was half wishing you would come over."

"And I have been wishing to come here before, dear child; but you know how troublesome the rector's bronchial tubes are in an east wind. I daren't leave him. How are you, however? Really better?"

"To-day, yes, ever so much. One can feel the sunshine even in bed; and besides, when Jenny lifted me up I could see it glittering on the common, and all the gorse breaking into bloom, and the cloud shadows chasing each other about till I almost wished I could be out in the lanes primrose-gathering. Are there very many this year, Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"More than ever, I think, my dear; the banks were yellow with them as I came along."

"Then mightn't Jenny go out for a run and gather some while you are here? She is looking so pale — yes, Jenny, you are — and she hasn't been out for a whole week. Do make her go."

"That is just what I was meaning to

do," said Mrs. Ashleigh, smiling, "for I noticed those pale cheeks directly I came in. Put on your hat at once, Jenny, and get a good race in the breeze. Nonsense, child! Do you think I came to talk to you, or that I can't take care of your sister just as well as you can? She will be quite glad of a change, won't you, Sybil?"

But though Jenny laughed and said she didn't doubt that, she still lingered, and even after she had her hat on, came back and hung over Sybil, smoothing and arranging her pillows for her till Mrs. Ashleigh said quietly, —

"By-the-way, Jenny, if you take the path across the common to the station you will most likely meet another friend coming here. Lion has been staying with me for the last few days, and went up to London yesterday; but he is to come back by the five-o'clock train, and we arranged to meet here and go home together."

Jenny lifted her face quickly enough, and with such a sudden glow and sparkle lighting up its pallor, such a flash of utter surprise and gladness as did not need Mrs. Ashleigh's keen glance to discover; but there was no embarrassment or confusion in it, and she kept it fully turned on her friend as she said, in the frankest tone of pleasure, —

"Lion! That is nice. Why, it is three months since I saw him — not since he became a vicar. Mrs. Ashleigh, how does he really like it? How is he looking? Oh, but I shall see that for myself. Of course I will go that way; it will be pleasant to have a talk with Lion again."

The two left alone did not talk much. Mrs. Ashleigh took up a piece of Jenny's work which was lying on the table, and began to sew at it, pausing now and then to stroke the invalid's hair, or tell her some little anecdote about the village people in her old home; and Sybil lay looking at her and sometimes smiling, sometimes answering a word or two, but evidently too weak for much exertion, and tired already by the little she had made.

She was dying fast, as any one could see who looked at her. Swiftly and gently as the first Amy Dysart had gone, gliding down the steep incline to the river of death; peaceful and happy too, like that first Amy in her ending, though unlike her in having lost the one she loved best, and therefore more content to leave a world in which he no longer existed for her. In truth, since she had known Gareth was married, and that his apparently wanton desertion of her had been

caused, not by mere heartless fickleness, but by the falsehoods of a person who had persuaded him that she was untrue to him, Sybil's grief had been healed of half its bitterness; and those who watched her noticed with thankfulness how by degrees her blue eyes lost that look of hopeless questioning, her mouth that painful tension which had altered its placid sweetness so pitifully before. Heart and brain might cease wearying at last as to the meaning of that cruel letter. He had been deceived, that was all; not recklessly wicked. Perhaps he had even loved her a little all the time, and—he was happy! What could she ask more, when, even had she had him by her side, there was hardly enough life left in her to bid him farewell? To-day, after a longer pause than usual, she startled Mrs. Ashleigh by saying,—

“When I am gone you will take Jenny away at once, will you not?”

“My dear child, yes. You know it. Haven't I told you that she shall be as my own child—the daughter I have always wanted? We could not have a dearer one.”

“I know it, and I am so glad. Dear old Jenny! she will be very happy with you; and she deserves to be happy, for her life has been such a dull, sad one of late, and she is so brave always, so good and cheerful and unselfish. I am only afraid—What are you looking at?”

“At them—Lion and Jenny; here they come. Stay, let me raise you, dear; do you want to see them too?”

The bed was near the window, and from her seat by the former Mrs. Ashleigh could see the broad expanse of Esher Common, russet green, and crossed at present by level stripes of gold where the setting sun had swept it with its fiery ploughshare. There were geese feeding about, and the mellow rays had touched with red their white plumage, and flushed to flame all the little pools of rain-water which laughed and sparkled in the ruffling wind, while right across the level turf in the track of one of those golden sun-rays there were coming two figures, Lionel and Jenny: he, broad-shouldered and strong-looking, carrying on his shoulder some awkward-looking machine (“just like a navvy,” his mother muttered to herself, “and with the matter-of-fact ease of one”); she, tall and slim (alas! the past year of nursing and watching had not improved Jenny's appearance—she still showed no signs of “filling out,” as Lord Dysart put it), walking at his side with a brisk, elastic

step, her face turned up to his; happy both of them in each other's company. Sybil, propped on Mrs. Ashleigh's arm, and watching them with wistful, glistening eyes, felt a sudden thrill at her heart. What if Jenny should have found the prize which she had thrown away, and yet, through her fault, be debarred from enjoying it? The hectic in her cheek deepened at the thought.

“Do you know,” she said, her voice trembling in spite of herself as she pointed with her little wasted hand at the two, “what I was thinking of when I said that I was afraid of something? Oh, Mrs. Ashleigh, look there! Can't you guess?” The rector's wife smiled.

“Yes, Sybil, I think I can,” she said quietly. “I have seen it coming for some time. But, my child, why do you say ‘afraid’? Would it pain you if it were so?”

“Pain me! Oh, how can you ask? But I feared you would not like it: that you would think of me, and remember how I had treated him, and—”

“My dear Sybil, I thought we had agreed never to speak of that again.”

“Only this once, for Jenny's sake. Mrs. Ashleigh, you don't know how good and faithful she is—how different to me. When she loves once she will never change, and I think she has always loved him. He has always been her hero since she was a baby, and though she does not even think of it in that way—she is too innocent, and thinks too little of herself—if he were to care for her—”

“As I believe he has begun to do without knowing it. My dear Sybil, why are you crying? What are you frightened at? Do you know what I was telling Lady Ashleigh just before I came out? If it were so, I should gain a real daughter instead of an adopted one, and I shall love her just the same in either case. Child, Jenny is quite safe with me.”

She had laid her hand soothingly on Sybil's cheek, and Sybil drew it down to her lips and kissed it.

“Lay me down again,” she said faintly. “I am quite happy now. Oh, Mrs. Ashleigh, I think you are the best woman in the world!”

Jenny came in with a quick, soft step a moment later, and a face quite rosy from her walk, and looked alarmed at the sight of tears in her sister's eyes; but Sybil only laughed and dashed them away with a wilful hand. It was the sun dazzling her, nothing more; but she would not have it shut out, she liked it, and she

was quite well—quite well and happy. Wouldn't Jenny take Mrs. Ashleigh away and give her and Lion some tea? She was sure it was ready, for she had smelt Mrs. Matherson's tea-cake cooking for some time. It was such good cake, too, it oughtn't to be let spoil; and then, just as they were leaving the room, she called Jenny back, and put up her face to be kissed, bidding her "mind and take care of Lion and give him everything he wanted."

But when she was left alone the smiles in her eyes gave place to a wistful sadness, very pitiful in one so young. She could hear their cheerful voices below, Lion's deep tones, and Jenny's laugh, sweeter now for being so rare. It was pleasant to hear them, pleasant to know that her one anxiety had been removed, and that when she was gone there might still be happiness for the sister so dear to her. He, too, was happy and rich. It was best as it was: far, far better than the old dream could ever have been; and he had loved her—once! Very slowly and feebly her fingers searched under the pillow till they found a tiny pocket-book, and drew from it the last letter but one he had ever written her. That cruel final one she had burnt long ago; but this was different. She could read this and feel that he had loved her while he was writing it. To-day, however, the golden sunshine in her eyes dazzled her, and the words seemed to swim in it. She could just make out the first ones: "My darling little white lily," all the rest was a golden mist; and, too weak for further effort, she turned her cheek round and tried to kiss the words she could not see.

So they found her when they came into the room ten minutes later, lying in the sunshine with the letter pressed to her lips, only there was no breath in the latter. She was dead!

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From The Spectator.  
HOBBIES.

LORD BEACONSFIELD tells us in "Endymion" that "life is always interesting, when you have a purpose and live in its fulfilment;" and with this sentiment we thoroughly agree, and are furthermore convinced that only in proportion as any one acts according to this rule is he or she safe from the clutches of the demon *ennui*. There are, however, a large num-

ber of people in the world who have a difficulty about doing this,—people whose time is either not at all or else only partially occupied; who have no necessary work thrust upon them by external circumstances, whether they like it or not; and who are, therefore, peculiarly exposed to the insidious attacks of the aforementioned demon. And for these unfortunate individuals, nature seems to have provided a refuge from danger by furnishing hobbies, since whoever is mounted thereon may confidently laugh the foe to scorn.

In the sense of the word with which we are now concerned, the term "hobby" is to be defined as an absorbing interest in something which is neither a duty nor a necessity; it is a sort of "extra" in life—a strange feature, that does not belong naturally, and that appears suddenly on the scene, without any notice of its approach. It may be a thing for which you have never before had the least fancy,—which, indeed, you may have hitherto regarded with contempt, or even aversion. But all at once there comes a surprising change. You discover that the formerly ignored pursuit has, as it were, taken possession of you; that it has become as the very apple of your eye; that you are ready to give yourself up to it heart and soul, without grudging the time, trouble, or money that it may cost; that you cheerfully labor at it, with whatever faculties of mind or body that are required, in order thoroughly to understand and carry it on. For example, take the case of a lady of our acquaintance who had always greatly despised fishing. What attraction people could find in it was to her incomprehensible; rat-catching, she said, she *might* bring herself possibly to take an interest in, but never fishing. At last, some years ago, she happened to go to an Irish moor with her brother; and he, not knowing what to do for her amusement, sent her out fly-fishing, under the keeper's care. She caught three fish, and also caught her hook in her thumb, and had to have it cut out; and from that day the spirit of Izaak Walton entered into her. She bought a pair of fishing-stockings, and was to be seen in all weathers perseveringly wading and flogging the water, till she became an expert angler, and is now competent to discourse learnedly on the relative merits of flies, fishing-rods, and all such topics. Another lady, again, who had been mounted on a variety of hobbies, Dante, music, algebra, arithmetic, etc., had always had a strong dis-

like to everything connected with a farm. It bored her; she knew and cared nothing about it, and thought it associated with nasty smells which she could not endure. But suddenly agricultural matters assumed a new aspect, for farming became her hobby, and she discovered it to be the one thing worth living for and taking the trouble of studying. Books on thorough bass, Italian, and sums were left languishing on the shelves, and her table was covered exclusively with works upon the treatment of land, rotations of crops, manures, the management and feeding of stock, and similar subjects. She learnt to tell at a sniff whether a field were being dressed with guano, bones, super-phosphate, or slaughter-house manure; and would lean long over the doors of the pigsties, or stand seriously pondering upon the "long" or "short" condition of a dung-heap, without heeding the savory odors therefrom arising. And because the foregoing illustrations happen to have been taken from the weaker sex, it is by no means intended to convey that hobby-riding prevails more amongst women than men. Do we not know an artistic young man who, if an unusually striking sunset should occur when he is out shooting, will at once dismiss all further thought of making a good bag, send the keeper after sketch-book and colors, lay aside his gun, and calmly proceed to paint, — to the considerable disgust of his fellow-sportsmen? And have we not seen another gentleman, with any number of gardeners at command, who devotes every spare minute to his auriculas, and is perpetually rushing off to their houses, that he may with his own hands move pots into or out of a drip, or open or shut panes of glass, to regulate the amount of air that is to blow upon the precious plants, just as if their welfare depended entirely upon his personal efforts?

The hobby may be chemistry, music, lace, science, china, algebra, languages, history, politics, Volunteers, farming, gardening, athletics, painting, architecture, horse-racing, or what not. Be it what it may, and however little choice you may have had in the matter, you are, nevertheless, completely enchanted with it, and quite prepared to maintain that that particular pursuit, and no other, is the most worthy and elevated of all that can possibly engage the attention of the human race. And what rapture do you not then experience, if you chance to encounter another person with the same craze upon him as yourself! With what unwearying

relish is the common point of interest talked over, and how exalted is the opinion you mutually entertain for one another's good sense and good taste! The discussion that goes on between you and the kindred spirit whom you have met is apt to recall to the mind of a listener the negro's idea of an argument: "Golly, massa, how me lub argeyment! Pompey, him say, 'Paint dat wall white; ' me say, 'Paint him white,' too; and den we argey 'pon de point for half the day, — oh, lubly!"

One of the leading peculiarities of hobbies is decidedly the unaccountable way in which they come and go, without reference to any rule that can be discovered. Perhaps there may be some subject which you have a particular wish to make a hobby of, and go so far as to cultivate with that view; but it by no means follows that you will succeed in your intention, for the thing is stronger than you are, and will seize upon you or not, irrespectively of your wishes. It is as impossible to ensure mounting a hobby at pleasure as it is to catch a sickness; however carefully you put yourself in the way of it, you may fail, after all; one nature will take it and another will not, or a man is liable to it at one period of life and not at another, and no certain way of accounting for the difference is to be found. And then, again, however loyal and devoted you may be to your hobby, yet you must not therefore suppose that you will always regard it in the same light; you may remain constant to it for days, weeks, months, or even years, but there is always the possibility that the interest may at any moment collapse almost as suddenly as it came, and be superseded by some totally different and unexpected one. But what does that matter? Whatever a hobby may be, it is sure to be delightful, and the absolute uncertainty as to how long one will last and what the next will be, adds a zest to life and welcome element of excitement, as you look forward speculatively to wonderful possibilities that the future may have in store for you, and undreamt-of seas wherein you may presently be steering your course.

One great value of hobbies is that they train the mind in the art of *how* to learn. It gains power with each subject that it masters, and is thereby rendered more fit to acquire another one, however different, in the same way that a rough rider strengthens his muscles and adds to his experience with every fresh horse that he overcomes. And another property which

may well make hobbies interesting to the student of human nature is the important part they often play in shaping people's actions, so that in them alone is to be found the true explanation of many an apparent vagary. That the state of being constantly occupied about something or other is indispensable to the happiness of most people, is a fact which is too often forgotten or overlooked by those whose lives are amply filled with necessary affairs that have come upon them unsought; and such busy individuals are frequently guilty of great injustice, habitually accounting for whatever happens to puzzle them in the behavior of a neighbor by ascribing it either to crackiness, or else to some interested and unworthy motive. Supposing, for instance, that a person is just mounted upon a fresh hobby to which he or she is devoted, simply and solely for its own sake; is it not rather hard, if the world insists upon declaring that the new pursuit has been adopted with an obvious view to the will of a rich relation who approves thereof, or else out of love for some one of the opposite sex of similar tastes? And yet is not this the common way of judging?

Let it not be supposed that every mere selfish whim is to be raised to the dignity of a hobby, or that there is no distinction to be made between the genuine thing and its spurious imitation. We can scarcely give a better instance of the real article than the valorous Don Quixote, exposing himself without a murmur to every imaginable privation and hardship in order worthily to perform the part of a knight-errant, and to accomplish the restoration of the days of chivalry, to which he thought himself specially appointed. But how great is the contrast between the robust vigor of his actions, and the lackadaisical washiness which characterizes those of the modern twaddling devotees of so-called high art, whose ridiculously exaggerated aestheticism, and adoration for lilies, peacocks' feathers, etc., are so happily satirized in *Punch* by Mr. Du Maurier, in the persons of Mrs. Cimabue Brown and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite and their admirers! The real aim of these quite too supremely ineffable and consummate nincompoops being merely self-glorification, by the setting up of their own flabby selves as the standard of all perfection, their proceedings are only likely to result in the morbidity which comes of much self-contemplation, and not to achieve that salvation from *ennui* which appears to us

to be the primary cause of hobby-riding. It is of the very essence of a hobby that it should be of sufficient force to take a man out of himself, and that is just what we do not believe that the limp, self-concentrated enthusiasm of the Maudles and Postlethwaites will ever succeed in doing.

And now we can imagine that some readers may complain of hobby-riding being upheld as an advantageous part of moral training, on the ground that nothing should be so regarded, if it is contrary to the principles of perseverance. "What," say they, "take up a thing suddenly, and devote yourself frantically to it for a while, and then drop it again like a hot potato? A most dangerous course to advocate!" To such an objection we reply, first, that a man's powers of plodding perseverance should be reserved rather for duties than for pleasures, and that we have expressly stated that hobbies are not to be included in the category of duties; and, secondly, that when a person takes up a subject enthusiastically for a short while, and really devotes himself to it *con amore*, the probability is that he will accomplish as much solid work in the way of increasing his knowledge, forwarding his education, and influencing his character during that temporary ardor, as he would have done during a longer, steadier, and less vehement study of the same subject. If you have a certain number of colors to wear in a lifetime, it will not make much difference whether you choose to wear them all simultaneously or only one at a time, without ever allowing a second to appear side by side with whatever may be the favorite hue of the moment; and will not the same rule hold good in regard to the various phases through which the mind has to pass?

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From The Spectator.  
THE INDUSTRIAL IDEAL OF LIFE.

IT would be difficult to illustrate the difference between the Irish and English, the Catholic and the Protestant, way of looking at things more perfectly than by a late scene in the House of Commons. A debate on the Irish laborer had been going on quietly enough, when Mr. Bright made a speech, the drift of which was that Irishmen had themselves to thank for their want of industrial prosperity. They did not care to "seek business, or to do business, or to succeed in business."

They had too many saints' days, on which they did no work ; and they neglected their natural advantages, did not employ even the magnificent water-power which came down from Lough Corrib. It was a speech, in fact, inculcating the English view of the necessity and the nobleness of the industrial life, and seemed, we doubt not, to most English members present a perfectly sensible, if unexpectedly Philistine address. It drove Irishmen present, however, quite frantic. They rushed upon Mr. Bright, they abused him, they tore him, they told him he was a sham, they denounced his speech as another wrong to Ireland, and, in short, they exhibited a degree of passion which left upon the British mind the impression that either they were hopelessly wrong-headed, or they were talking insincere nonsense for some ulterior object. The former is, we think, the London idea, the latter that of country correspondents.

We dare say both ideas are partially true. Irishmen, when they get upon the wrongs of their country, are often wrong-headed, — that is, they will persist in seeing slights where none are intended ; and Mr. Parnell's followers are often insincere, raging against ministers, not because they are angry, but because they think an appearance of anger will lead to concessions. But there was something in the scene more than all this, something which made the Irishmen see, as by a sort of instinct, that an attack upon Mr. Bright would please the constituencies behind. There was the clash of two widely different, almost hostile, ideals of civilization. Mr. Bright's speech was quite germane to the immediate matter, which was the way to make laborers prosperous, and very good of its kind ; but all through it there ran an assumption that the industrial system of life is the true system ; that it is a duty, if you possess "water privileges," to use them ; that it is slightly immoral, or at all events inept, not to seek business, do business, and succeed in business ; that, in fact, Ireland full of mills and machinery, and "hands" and hum-  
ming toil, would not only be a richer, but a better and nobler Ireland. You can see as you read that Mr. Bright had the north of England in his mind, — the counties full of cities, and mills, and manufactures, where men, crowded to the last degree, still earn high wages, and work six days a week all the days of their lives, and utilize every streamlet, and cover every river with steamers, and "do business" more or less

profitable all day long ; and that he was thinking, if that scene could only be repeated in Ireland, how little necessity there would be for land bills, or for discussing laborers' wages, — how little idleness would remain, and how rich comparatively everybody would be. The thought is quite true, and is not only Mr. Bright's thought, but the English thought, so strongly though so unconsciously held that the majority will think its utterance a work of supererogation, and regard those who dispute it as either ill-judging persons, or men infected with Mr. Ruskin's "unpractical" views. The sensible Englishmen who do not hold that the industrial life is the right life, that a nation should make itself rich by all honest means in its power, that an improved Birmingham is a lofty ideal, are scarcely to be found, and have in politics or social life the smallest conceivable influence.

And yet the proposition is surely disputable. If it is not, if it is self-evident and beyond argument as regards nations, it is odd that it should so often be denied as regards the individual ; that every Christian pastor should preach against over-absorption in earthly work, that every philosopher should descant on the blessings of leisure, that every economist should have something to say on the advantages of independence, that every man who succeeds should abandon the industrial system and the hard-worked town, and betake himself to occupation which is not gainful, amid the comparatively restful life of some country-side, the more sequestered and tranquil the more pleasing. Why should not a nation have the feeling which the divine and the philosopher and the prosperous man all alike think so good for the individual, and cherish an ideal — often, no doubt, only a mental ideal, very dim and formless — of a life in which there should be some work, but much leisure ; which should be passed in the country ; in which men should not be drawn in masses to exert themselves to the uttermost, but each man should have control of his time, and work much as it pleased him, and live a little king in his own place, sitting, in Old-Testament language, "under his own vine and his own fig-tree ;" in which the streams should be enjoyed and not utilized, and many days be passed without business, and the object of life be calm, and not success at all ? The Englishman thinks such a life almost positively immoral, and talks of idlers and "lazy monks" — they did most of the agriculture that was done, and all the tui-

tion and bookmaking—and, hankering always for the day when he shall retire and be quit of engrossing labor, denounces all non-industrial nations as foolish or perverse; but where is the reason for his rage? That a man should maintain himself by his labor, and his wife, and those whom he calls into existence while they are still weak, is most just, and it is wise for him to accumulate sufficient to face old age and tide over an evil day; but beyond that, the morality of toil must depend upon the man's own nature and ideal, and certainly the kind of toil can make no difference. If he thinks leisure more beneficial to his mind or his soul than work, surely he has a right to leisure; nor is he in the wrong in pursuing it, if he only thinks it more enjoyable. The object of life is advance, but not advance in economic production. Work is not an end in itself, much less a special kind of work, and a nation is conceivable which would be very noble, yet would dislike factory work, with its long hours, its crushing-out of individualism, and its tendency to mental narrowness, most exceedingly. Man must work, but a man is not bound to be willing to be a cotton-spinner because he would earn more by cotton-spinning, nor is a nation either. Its duty may be rest. If Massachusetts had placed a social ban on manufactures, and adhered to its old, restful, uneven-tuous, God-fearing, slovenly farming life, Massachusetts would have been poorer, but it would neither have been less Christian, less cultivated, nor less devoted to reasonable progress. If the Irish at heart sigh for the life of Tuscany, where prosperous peasants live a life of little change and less disorder, with scarcely any crime, and no mental excitement, they may be setting up a feeble ideal, but one not necessarily injurious to them as men. Their instinct that they would be happier so, and less irreligious, and less absorbed in ignoble cares, and less subject to influences destructive of their rather fine social system, may be perfectly accurate; and for ourselves, we believe that it is so. There are men whom the fierce battle of industrial life does not deteriorate, and there are races also, the English being one of them; but there are also races which suffer from that struggle, which require leisure and a certain domestic peace to get out of themselves the best that is in them, and the Irish may be of that kind.

If getting on is a duty, the life of Lancashire is an ideal life; but then, is the predicate beyond question? Life in a nation may have a higher and more pow-

erful motor than that, and be very noble, too. Suppose an Eastern people, sincerely Christian, but, nevertheless, Oriental, given to leisure, and contemplation, and changelessness as to external things—dress, for example, and modes of getting daily bread—would that be a base nation? We doubt it extremely, even if its intellectual movements were not intense; but, then, it might also be full of inquiry, and speculation, and thought, and then it would be a singularly noble people, far above Lancashiremen, though its torrents rushed useless to the sea, and its people refused unanimously to work in "mills." As far as mere happiness is concerned, a Moravian settlement often attains far more of it than a Yorkshire manufacturing village, and a Moravian settlement in which the mind should be thoroughly cultivated and set free is not an impossible dream. We question if the industrial impulse which has come to Germany has made her either better, or happier, or stronger; and are quite certain that there are races to whom, as to the mass of women, that impulse brings with it conditions which involve deterioration. Mr. Bright is affronted with the saints' days, but they are but a method of securing leisure for social enjoyment; and his friend who moaned over the £1,200 a year of profit lost through the holidays should insist, on the same grounds, on seven days' work a week. Why should he have £1,200 a year more? Because there would be more in the country? True enough, and so there would be more by millions, if all Irishmen were brigaded as workers, and compelled to toil by military discipline all day and every day, as in the later days of Rome the slaves on the farming properties were. Yet the national life would only be impoverished by that experiment, and so it might be if, for the general devotion to unremunerative agriculture, we substituted a fierce and keen activity in the pursuit of gain. The gospel of labor is a very material gospel; and though idleness is vice, toil is neither virtue, nor, in itself, progress. The labor of the crank only deteriorates convicts, and industry, however incessant, for the result of which it does not care, or does not care sufficiently to make the labor sweet, is but crank labor for a nation. Mr. Bright is a staunch friend of Ireland, and should have been spared abuse from Irish representatives; but the ideal which they so badly represent is not, in itself, a worse one than his own, — is, indeed, we feel sure, for their race, a better one.

From The Standard.  
THE ETHNOLOGY OF EYES.

THE eye is notoriously one of the most characteristic features of the face. It is "the window of the soul," and an index to many of the owner's mental and moral characteristics. We have the wild eye and the gentle eye, the stern eye and the melting eye, the swimming eye and the voluptuous eye, the eagle eye and the shifty eye, the eye that is the herald of the words that are to follow, the snaky eye of the Oriental that bespeaks treachery and cunning, and the impassive, unreadable eye of the Indian that suggests a character lying in ambush. Not to enumerate all the eyes that the poets and the lady novelists have so lavishly described, we all know the boiled eye that bespeaks the sodden mind; the saucer eye, which, like the rabbit-shaped incisors, is too much of a good thing; and the eyes not unfrequently seen in the New Cut and the Old Bailey, which look for all the world like holes bored in a blanket. But it is as an ethnic or race mark more than as a mental or moral index that the eye is interesting. In a community so mixed as ours we have all colors of eyes. But, as a rule, blue eyes go with fair hair, and fair hair is an index of Teutonic origin, unless we consider, with Dr. Barnard Davis and Dr. Beddoe, that the combination of black hair with dark blue or grey eyes, so common in some districts of these islands, indicates Celtic blood. A German or a Norseman with flaxen hair and black eyes is about as rare as a Spaniard or an Italian with blue ones, so that it is safe to say that a nation with a preponderance of blue eyes has also a majority of fair-haired citizens, and therefore a marked prevalence of the Germanic, Celtic, and possibly the Slav elements in its population. Now we know that the latter race emigrates to the New World in numbers so few as scarcely to affect the general result, while the Latin races, with dark eyes, seek, for the most part, new homes in more southern latitudes than the United States. The glass-eye statistician unconsciously brings out this point. Twenty years ago many more dark than light eyes were sold in America, but from that date there has in the sale of dark eyes been a perceptible falling off. About twenty light eyes are now sold to one dark. In Boston the percentage is even higher, *yiz.*, about thirty-five blue or light eyes to one brown, whilst, on the other hand, in New Orleans fifty dark eyes are sold to one light one. Now,

were it possible to change the color of the eye to be matched, it might be supposed that the facts noted were due to the change in taste, which recently prescribed fair hair as the fashionable hue. This is, however, out of the question. Hence the only explanation is, that the vast German and Scandinavian immigrations of the last two decades have utterly swamped the mixed English population which previously occupied the Northern and Western States of the Union; whilst in the South the original French and mixed negro races have not been diluted by the fair-haired, blue-eyed northern arrivals. Curiously enough, the recent census entirely confirms this theory deduced from the return of glass-eye sales. In Nevada, as might be expected, 70 per cent. of the inhabitants are of foreign birth; in California, 51; in Arizona, 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; in Dakota, 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; in the Northern and older Western States, about 32, on an average, while in most of the hotter Southern States there is practically no foreign element whatever. The same assertion may be made for the purely rural districts of New England, the immigrants finding homes chiefly in the large manufacturing towns. In the cooler ex-slave states there is on an average ten per cent. of foreigners; in the others, less than two per cent.; while in North Carolina the people of foreign birth resident in the state are barely a quarter of one per cent. But this immigration consists almost entirely of the Teutonic and Celtic races. The agricultural states are peopled by a preponderance of Germans and Scandinavians. Whole districts are inhabited by settlers from Mecklenburg, Denmark, Sweden, or Norway. The German tongue is often the only one generally spoken over one or two counties, and in others Norse will as generally be the language in which the vernacular non-official intercourse of the settlers is carried on. In Canada there are Gaelic districts. But in the States the Highlanders mix with the rest of the population. Comparatively few of the Irish or French—out of Canada—take to farming, and Erse is in the New World an unknown tongue. In parts of Louisiana, Florida, Arizona, California, and New Mexico there was, and is still, a large Spanish element. But it is disappearing before the Anglo-Saxon and getting confined to certain districts, so that even there the blue eyes are beginning to predominate, except in the warmer regions, which have no attractions for the Northerners. A certain amount

of negro blood has permeated the South and still more intensified the prevalence of black eyes; whilst on the Indian frontier the aboriginal skin, hair, and iris are more frequent than the moralist might desire. It has been mooted whether the white race is yet fully naturalized in the New World, and it has been suggested that it would die out were the stream of emigration from Europe stopped. It is certain that in Massachusetts the native American women of the old stock have, as a rule, few children compared with the Irish and German immigrants, and that this peculiarity follows the fresh arrivals to their homes in the West. In any case, it promises a preponderance of the blue-eyed race; for the black-eyed Irish Celts are scanty in numbers compared with their red-haired countrymen, as a scrutiny

of the Bowery on an election-day will amply prove. It is therefore evident that the blue-eyed men are to rule the New World. In time the two great streams that at present flow apart will gradually coalesce. The Teuton and the Celt will become one race, and a race of which the world may well be proud. The impulsive, reckless disposition of the one will be sobered by the grave, rather parsimonious, discreet nature of the other. The quick-brained Celt will supply fire to the dull, laborious Teuton. Hence, from the ethnologist's point of view, the drawers of the Chicago glass-eye dealer are pregnant with the promise of mighty "nations yet to be." In the rattle of their contents, the thoughtful politician must hear

The first slow, sullen rush of waves,  
Where soon shall roll a human sea.

**A PARCELS' POST.** — An announcement was made by Mr. Fawcett which will be received throughout the country with very great satisfaction. The post-office, he stated, has been in communication with the railway companies with a view to the establishment of a parcels' post. The negotiations on the subject are proceeding, and have progressed so far and so favorably that he has every hope that before long arrangements will be made for the transmission through the post of parcels not exceeding a certain weight at a uniform charge from any part of the United Kingdom to any other part, just as letters were sent and delivered at present. Of the enormous advantages to be derived from such an arrangement it is not necessary to speak. Mr. Fawcett was right when he said that it would be difficult to over-estimate them. They have, moreover, long been asked for, and it is hardly to the credit of the post-office that in this matter it has lagged behind Continental administrations. France, for instance, will inaugurate an inland parcels' post on the first of May, and on the same date an international parcels' post between France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany will come into operation. Since Mr. Fawcett became postmaster-general he has carried out several important reforms, any one of which would have been sufficient to signalize his term of office as that of a vigorous and most efficient administrator. Of all the improvements he has effected, however, this one, if it be carried through, will be regarded as alike the most creditable to him and the most beneficial to the public.

Economist.

**THE JEWS AND SLAVERY.** — To the Jew the anti-slavery movement must be especially dear, for it was Judaism which facilitated the abolition of slavery. Mosaism, it is true, recognized the principle of thralldom, and incorporated it in its own system. It could not do otherwise at a time when slavery was a universal institution. If it had it must have revolutionized society and introduced far greater evils than it removed. But the laws of Judaism mitigated the severest hardships of bondage, and thus prepared the ground for its gradual downfall as the conditions of society improved. So that after the Babylonian captivity the custom of reducing Hebrews to slavery had fallen into desuetude, and even Gentile slaves were treated with the utmost consideration. But in one important particular Mosaism did more than pave the way for the abolition of slavery in modern times. It anticipated the law of personal freedom, and recognized the principle for which Sharp contended so bravely — the right of a slave who had set foot on English soil to claim his liberty, and nothing can be clearer than the Mosaic law which anticipates this principle over which the English law-courts contended three thousand years afterwards. "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with you, even among you, in any place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best, thou shalt not oppress him." (Deut. xxiii. 15, 16.)

Jewish Chronicle.